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MACLEAN'S

JAN.
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CANADA'S
MAGAZINE
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YEAR

INSIDE A POLITICAL MARRIAGE

Stéphane Dion's wife picks his clothes, manages the money, and advises him on policy. Meet Ottawa's new power couple. P.26



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Olympic champion Myriam Bégin is the country's latest superstar after returning to Canada in custody for kidnaping. Her tales of skid-tape "trompe-l'oeil" and having the inside scoop on 9/11 prove how Quebec's golden girl has fallen.

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52 HEA CULPH...IN POLISH

Warsaw's archbishop comes clean on his Communist-sympathizing past; Canada's gothic平原 makes a Russian onslaught; Thud Bank gets back on the political bandwagon; and a Virgin Mary-like Angelina Jolie invades Wal-Mart.



LIKE HONEST ABE? Bush, like his venerable Civil War predecessor, must stop the carnage.

More troops: the best of a lot of bad options

In his insider's view of the war in Iraq, retired four-star Gen. Jack Keane makes a provocative comparison between the U.S. Civil War in 1861 and Iraq in 2007 (see page 12). Keane observes that the key to Arnold's war presidency was his willingness to accept whatever any outcome but victory. The general experimented with generals and names until he found a combination that worked. Remember that the assault through Shiloh at the Great Emancipation was also the leader responsible for Sherman's bloody March to the Sea, the burning of Atlanta, and many other ramifications of total war that form the core of the history of the Civil War.

While Canada's Foreign Minister Peter MacKay dismisses Balton's characterization, the academic's view is more nearly factual. Like Keane, he figures Afghanistan can be used of strategic importance far more effectively than empire. Balton's justifications are "an anti-major armed conflict," the promotion of economic development, and the gradual replacement of Afghan production by other commercial activities. All of which Canada can pose to its current adversary. But even at our own amplitude, we must recognize our obligation to stay and the task is complex. As in Iraq, racism, not defiance, must be the precondition for withdrawal from Afghanistan.

Shaking the messenger is an amateur tactic, but it won't help residents of Canada's west neighbourhood. The major and minor chief of Regime both attacked MacKay's force foray on their native city, among the poorest and most crime-ridden areas of the country. Neither disputed the facts, but chose to focus on their wounded egos pride instead of the issues at hand. People in the community are working hard to improve things. They deserve help, not hurt. If

'Whether or not the RCMP concocted a dog massacre, the Inuit felt that they had'

JAILBAIT? KIDS

YOUR PICTURE of a young girl in a tank top and a micro-miniskirt really caught my eye. "Why does our daughter look like that?" (Cover, Jan. 1). And your interview with author Colleen Rennick summed up what I've been arguing my entire life—if it's already used, will it be redundant to wear a shirt that says "I'm a feminist"? The clothing you see on young girls is screaming, "Come take me, I am yours." I have to go further on Rennick's argument about advertising targeting at the soul, and say that almost anyone who even looks at the constant barrage of nakedness being shown at her—or her—n is in danger of becoming a pervert.

Natalie Manago, Surrey, B.C.
Philly Capp, Griffin, Ga.



HELEN, DADIS, tell your daughter how beautiful they are and take the time to listen to them so it may be possible to keep them from dressing themselves in skanks. This dress code screams "Help." It began because we paid more attention to clawing our way to the top and improving our golf swing. Between '66, Alberta and us daddies didn't measure up. A good New Year's resolution for us would be to start taking care of our families! Paul Darnell, Gravenhurst, Ont.

IN OUR responses, the real perverts are those who claim up and make the ad and clothing. They are the ones who, at whatever the cost, are determined to enlarge their head of consumers. This is where parents should do their job, if they wanted the offend ing穿着, we still can use a change in

what reaches the souls. Furthermore, parents should take the opportunity to say "No." It is an important lesson for children to learn that they can't have everything they ask for. For and Ralph Meyer, Sudbury, Ont.

ALMIGHTY ALL: the clothing you see on young girls is screaming, "Come take me, I am yours." I have to go further on Rennick's argument about advertising targeting at the soul, and say that almost anyone who even looks at the constant barrage of nakedness being shown at her—or her—n is in danger of becoming a pervert.

Natalie Manago, Surrey, B.C.



where they come from? Children know when parents are embarrassed to tell them the truth. Is it any wonder that they treat us with disrespect? This shlock business is not just a scandalous exploitation, it is a sign that we live a great big lie and that we will sell our real values for money any time.

Gillian Gauthier, Don Mills, Ont.

OUR PARENTS' issue of Maclean's magazine was lying on our living room coffee table. Our five-year-old daughter came in after having a bath and asked to wear a T-shirt, panty hose and sweater. I asked her why she chose clothes as the attire of a Saskatchewan winter. She pointed to the magazine cover and said, "I want to look like her."

Lore Weiler Thiemann, Saskatoon, Sask.

Due to a technical malfunction, a few issues from January's Geography were dropped, and a few issues were repeated. We apologize for this glitch. The complete listing is www.macleans.ca.

DOGGED PURSUIT

I AM APPALLED by the presentation of RCMP self-investigations as truth and find harsh accounts by Ian McEwan in Peter Shawn Taylor's article about the deaths of dogs in the Arctic from 1968 to 1970 ("The myth of the sled dog killings," National, Jan. 1) bland enough to years that just mere lies against history, a sorry usage of a healthy dog and quotes throughout the article add veracity to RCMP findings in their own report of a full commission. Whether or not the Maumans concocted a dog massacre, they did leave the Inuit feeling that they lied. Addressing this cultural divide would seem more important than penning 750 taxpayer-sponsored pages that do nothing but try to clear their name. If there is an interest in getting to the bottom of this issue, and in building a sound cross-cultural relationship, then an inde pendent investigation is warranted.

Marian Stucky, Peterborough, Ont.

JUSTIN TIME

I HAVE JUST READ your story on Justin Trudeau and his plans to run for the Liberal party in the next election ("Maumans' exit," National, Jan. 1). I found it sensible and insightful, fitting very comfortably into the general scheme of Maclean's to my pro



WHEN JUSTIN Trudeau runs for office he must have about 100,000 people cheering him on. He has a moderate approach to Canadian politics. I understand that you have an interest in developing a friend/foe rating; those on the political left. I'd like to say that you have as little interest in extracting readers who are of a certain disposition?

John Garrick, Scarborough, Ont.

GOOD RIDDANCE TO RUMMY

MY EVER-LASTING IMAGE of Donald Rumsfeld ("A few bad seeds for poor Rummy," World, Jan. 1) is from one of his early press conferences from the Pentagon during the de-mobilization of Iraq. Rumsfeld's reference to the "humanity" of the American bombing campaign was a writing flag for some of his subsequent irrational behaviour. Poor Rummy! Good riddance! His english eloquence is deteriorated year to year. Too bad.

BITCHING AND SNITCHING

THANK YOU BARBARA AMRAN for your most insightful piece ("Chomsky's snitches. Now we do too," Opinion, Jan. 1). Finally someone has put their finger on who has been both helping me about Canada and Canadians in general since I moved back here this past July. Where is that hard-working gynothes, that ability to overcome adversity by putting your hand down and fighting through the challenges ahead? All I see are a bunch of canary platters. Canadians have one of the highest standards of living, longest life expectancies, health opportunities, low crime... and all we do is bitch and snitch—about everything.

Howard Lefkowitz, Brookline, Mass.

THE ARTICLE on real estate commissions is skewed and misinformed. Your writer Shelly Sanders has gone after the story she wanted to find, rather than the facts. First of all, the "skyrocketing" real estate commissions she mentioned turned to a flat or even place in Canada. Secondly, during boom times in real estate, out-of-towners emerge. During economic slowdowns and slowdowns, these same companies are the first to disappear. The Canadian real estate sales system is an

DETERMINATION, SKILL AND A VERY BIG DICTIONARY.



Eight aspiring students go for the glory of becoming the National Spelling Bee champion.

CBC NEWS: THE PASSIONATE EYE SPELLBOUND

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MITCHEL RAPHAEL ON ELIZABETH MAY'S HUMAN DISHWASHER AND BAIRD'S HAIRSPRAY RECORD

NEW ENVIRONMENT MINISTER AND THE GREEN DOOR

After former president of the Treasury Board John Baird was appointed environment minister, he had to make quickly place through five major briefing books on his new portfolio. He was thus forced to put down the book he had been reading over the break. *The Way It Works*, Inside Ottawa by Eddie Goldberg, one of Jean Chretien's top lieutenants. Baird only got to page 96. While the new environment minister has yet to see Al Gore's film, *An Inconvenient Truth*, he does have recycling boxes at his residence. Recycling is Canada's top environmental concern paper and cardboard one week and plastic and glass the next. The MP for Ottawa West-Alexander has even been in one. He makes a collection day and has a four-week accumulation. The toy she is energy efficient. Globe 25 watt compact fluorescent bulb in his home, a dishwasher set to timer to speed peak hours of energy consumption, and a timed thermostat. And while he doesn't own



ELIZABETH MAY at her party; (right) dishwasher Shakeshawna, Baird's daughter; (top left) Elizabeth May's daughter, Victoria Cole

Baird's son, he does have a pair of Reebok sandals. Baird says he has never used ozone-depleting hairspray, even when it was all the rage in the '80s. He has never even seen the movie *Home Alone*. For the past two years, Baird has been a vegetarian and has been spotted grabbing salmon from the Green Door Restaurant's mostly organic and produce market wheat free, pop-by-weight buffet. Considerably, NDP Leader Jack Layton also frequents the Green Door when Demostyle though he tends to eat. It is probably no coincidence that Stephen Harper and in the House prior to the current break he looks forward to working with the NDP on the Clean Air act, nor that the newly appointed environment minister largely agrees he likes working with the NDP and gives credit to the party's winning MP Pat Martin for helping pass the Accountability Act. Perhaps the fate of the country's environment will now be

decided over flat Green Door's freshly baked year-free bread.

PURPLE HAIR AT A VERY GREEN PARTY

The smoked salmon was sold, the chopped egg was from free-range chickens, and the corn chips were organic at Green Party Leader Elizabeth May's Christmas bash at her Ottawa home. The annual event always takes place on Jan. 6. Signifying. There were no plastic or paper cups at the party, no drinking vessels had to be washed frequently. On hand at the soiree was Ian Shakeshawna, May's son who was a member of the Stern Club back when Elizabeth May was its executive director. It was that kind of party. Members from all of the other political parties were there, including Liberal environmentalists John Godfrey (Don Valley

West) and NDP MP Paul Dewar (Ottawa Centre). Also present was the Canadian for Legal Marriage's Laurie Annex, who is now the Green Party's new executive director. He says the gay marriage issue is officially over and that the lobby group he represented just has to pay its phone bill and then they can officially close everything down. May's daughter Victoria Cole was sporting freshly dyed purple hair that night, apparently May did not notice it had to be gone. Armstrong, however, announced May's Christmas tree and took it out front for



MR. GREEN: John Baird

the mad scientist. Spritzed in May's laundry area was a bottle of Eco-logic laundry wash and, surprisingly, several bottles of Tide. May says the environmental detergent belongs to her mother and that she is working on her. But what about the Green Leader's Sonlight dishwashing liquid hand? It's been empty for quite some time. It was used to make the angel on top of her Christmas tree. ■

ON THE WEB: For more Ottawa junkies or to contact Michael Krichane, visit www.michaelkrichane.com/mkrichane@pcap.com

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL KRICHANE



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Welcome to Harper's new world of virtual politics



Politics and journalism are both about how we talk to one another. Changes in the news business, driven by technology, are obvious and accelerating. Changes to politics will not be far behind.

The Jan. 23, a new online Washington news operation, Politics.will, will live. This is no fly-by-night operation. Its backers have banked a big staff, heavy with veteran Washington reporters. The Wall Street Journal just launched its own of daily comment grade, in response to the abundance of online news. London's Daily Telegraph has implemented three-day deadlines for digital content. Most of the journalists we've heard lately at Media Week think of us with awe, while others, still modest, are growing more quickly than ad revenues for the print edition.

That's how fast organizations capable of an environment in which growing segments of the audience are in fact rather than pay to watch news. Free community newspapers indulge big-city attitudes about content that is not obviously worth a few guitars' investment. YouTube destroyed a political career last summer when its online videos became the first to let footloose the Virgin Republican senator George Allen taking a barefoot mud—"attack"—at a Democratic campaign worker of East Indian descent.

Editor's debates about whether to show video of Saddam Hussein's hanging were irrelevant; the images got out early. Major news stories on MTV don't mind the hot new bands. Major dons. When nomenclature committee trains in Montreal last summer, *The Star* of India's first act was to publicize bars that readers could send in their cellphone pictures. All of these are signs of a shift of power, influence and choice from news to entertainment. What's more, *Time* magazine decided "it's" was the Person of

the Year for 2006, but there was much much and considerable worry in there's choice.

Politics is coming to terms with the new rules, too. With the rise of blog and video-sharing services like YouTube, it's harder to limit consumption of conversations. In the new world, as fact is necessarily above, because of a blogger's number since it, he can part before a larger audience. No reporter's designation "shameless" is necessarily final. If the newspaper wants to cover an appropriate

posting, in French, to that audience for as long as they put up with me. Others will give up YouTube campaigns ads using desktop editing suites. Still others will organize campaigns themselves or send random text messages to Quebec phone numbers. Over time, Bouchard's (or Jean Charest's) ability to share a set of what will inevitably be a pretty chaotic campaign items.

Politicians are still figuring out how to operate in a world where traditional news



In the next campaign, the PM wants to use the Web to make the old media irrelevant

MPs claim of government wrongdoing, he can simply talk into a webcam, email it to Stephen Harper's office and email the link to 500 people.

Perhaps most important, the marginal cost of political discourse is zero. You no longer need a TV studio, a shooting iron and an ad budget to have your say. The debate over whether Quebec should be recognized as a "minority" begins, in earnest, five weeks before December's Liberal leadership convention. A Vancouver university student, Brenden Coley, produced a short video remaking everyone of Prime Trudeau's appearance to Quebecers and posted it on YouTube. By the time they get in the convention, hundreds of delegates had seen Coley's video. Producing it didn't even have a dime.

That's important. Federal election spending laws—and Quebec's Referendum Act—carefully limit campaign spending by organizations, on the assumption that you need to spend to have a voice. These days are gone. If André Boisclair becomes premier of Quebec and drops the writ for a succession referendum on a Monday morning, by Tuesday Monday (I'll stress it myself) he could add every MySpace member in Quebec to his list. Then I'll start filing in

organizations have lost their monopoly. Stephen Harper thinks about that all the time. That's why his office looks like a version of a local blogger, and why I'm told the clipping service in the Prime Minister's Office provides Harper himself with daily transcripts of seven talk radio shows from coast to coast—but nothing from the Globe and Mail.

During the 2004 election, Harper said his staff would be needed to field a phalanx of reporters around him. By now he will have figured out an answer: an airplane is a handy place to put up a workstation. The real campaign will be elsewhere. Harper will field the press pack-in-event. In the morning and another after lunch, then stand for hours at a time to shoot Web ads, give interviews to local, ethnic and older publications, approve direct mail appeals to carefully identified segments of the Conservative voter base, and otherwise talk right past us as you, or some of you. The changing media landscape opens up both danger and opportunity for politicians. But the biggest danger would be in ignoring what's going on. ■

AGENCE WEBZUP

ON THE WEB: For more Paul Wells visit www.macleans.ca/politics/wells

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showed that they reduced heart attack by 21% in men and 34% in women.¹

Fighting Cancer

In Canada, some of the most common types of cancer are colorectal, prostate, and breast. Colorectal cancer is the second leading cause of cancer death, affecting one in 14 men, and one in 16 women in their lifetime.²

Prostate cancer affects as many as one in seven men in their lifetime. And what's worse, the rates of incidence continue to rise each year.³ One in nine women will develop breast cancer in their lifetime, and one in 27 will die from it.⁴

Given the high prevalence of these cancers, it's good to know that certain nutrients help fight these diseases. In particular, researchers believe that an adequate intake of vitamin D, folic acid, lycopene, and selenium is important for cancer prevention.

An adequate intake of vitamin D has been associated with a 50% reduction in the risk of colorectal cancer.⁵ Both selenium and lycopene have been shown to lower the risk of prostate cancer, with selenium reducing it by as much as 83%.⁶ And folic acid is linked to a reduction in the incidence of both colon and breast cancer.⁷

Warding off Bone Disease

When it comes to healthy bones, most people know that getting enough calcium is important. But vitamin D also plays a role in maintaining strong

bones and preventing osteoporosis – a disease characterized by low bone mass and a susceptibility to fractures.⁸ Vitamin D helps the body absorb and use calcium, and is vital to the maintenance of bone density. Most Canadians, however, have a vitamin D deficiency. Exposure to sunlight helps our bodies make vitamin D, but during winter months sunlight is reduced, which limits the production of this important vitamin.

Maintaining Healthy Eyes

Scientists have discovered that certain antioxidants are key to the prevention of eye disease, particularly cataracts and age-related macular degeneration (AMD). AMD is a disease associated with aging that gradually destroys sharp, central vision. AMD affects approximately 2.1 million Canadians, and is responsible for most cases of severe vision loss in people over 50.⁹

The antioxidant lutein has been shown to reduce the risk for both AMD and cataracts.^{10,11} It's already present in our eyes, but can't be manufactured and replenished by the body. Moreover, the five year risk for cataracts was 60% lower in people who took vitamin C and E supplements for 10 years or longer.¹²

The Bottom Line on Vitamins

The growing evidence from research into nutrients and their effect on our long-term health suggests that it's important for almost everyone to seriously consider taking a multivitamin as part of an overall approach to a healthier life.

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Vitamin D, folic acid	Breast
Selenium, lycopene, vitamin E	Prostate
Vitamin D, folic acid, selenium	Colon
Calcium, vitamin D	Bones



The advantage of extra protection.

It's true that regular exercise and a balanced diet play an important role in good health. But an article published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* concluded that most people don't get the nutrients they need from diet alone, and that a poor vitamin intake can be a risk factor for chronic illnesses.

So get extra protection – complete from A to Zinc. And enjoy a healthier future.

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1. Fletcher RH, Fawcett J, Gann PH. Vitamins for Chronic Disease Prevention in Adults. *JAMA*. 2002; 287:3137-3150.

An article published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* confirmed what most of us already knew: most people don't get the nutrients they need from diet alone, and that a poor vitamin intake can be a risk factor for certain chronic diseases.¹

But what's also been confirmed by recent studies is that specific nutrients appear to be linked to the prevention of certain diseases – particularly cardiovascular disease, cancer, osteoporosis, and even eye diseases such as macular degeneration and cataracts.

Preventing Cardiovascular Disease
Although regular exercise and a balanced diet play a significant role in a healthy heart, specific nutrients have emerged as true "heart health heroes," such as lycopene, vitamins B6, B12, and folic acid.

Cardiovascular disease is the main cause of death among Canadians. Fortunately, studies have shown that lycopene – a powerful antioxidant that neutralizes the damage of free radicals in our body – can help reduce the risk.² In addition, vitamins B6, B12, and folic acid have been found to significantly reduce high homocysteine levels in the blood, which is believed to be a risk factor for cardiovascular disease.³

As one final bit of proof in support of a daily multivitamin, a recent Swedish study

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Reference: 1. Fletcher RH, et al. Vitamins for Chronic Disease Prevention in Adults. *JAMA*. 2002; 287:3137-3150. 2. Gann PH, et al. Lycopene, other carotenoids, and risk of prostate cancer in men. *Am J Clin Nutr*. 2000; 61:1042-1043. 3. Tammelin H, et al. A Finnish study on dietary prevention of breast cancer. *Cancer Causes Control*. 2000; 11:303-309. 4. Canadian Cancer Statistics: Canadian Cancer Society. Available at: www.cancer.ca/canadian_cancer_statistics/. Accessed November 2002. 5. Giovannucci E, et al. A meta-analysis of the association between plasma levels of 25-hydroxyvitamin D and risk of colorectal cancer. *Am J Clin Nutr*. 1995; 61:1013-1020. 6. Gann PH, et al. Plasma levels of retinol and beta-carotene and risk of prostate cancer. *Am J Clin Nutr*. 1995; 61:1021-1026. 7. Giovannucci E, et al. A meta-analysis of the association between plasma levels of 25-hydroxyvitamin D and risk of colorectal cancer. *Am J Clin Nutr*. 1995; 61:1013-1020. 8. Bilezikian JP, et al. Biology of bone, eighth ed. New York: McGraw-Hill; 2002. 9. National Institutes of Health Consensus Development Conference Statement on Osteoporosis Prevention, Intervention, and Treatment. *Arch Intern Med*. 2001; 161:1117-1137. 10. Sies HH, et al. Antioxidants and human health. *Science*. 1991; 252:504-509. 11. Sies HH, et al. Antioxidants and human health. *Science*. 1991; 252:504-509. 12. Sies HH, et al. Antioxidants and human health. *Science*. 1991; 252:504-509.

Thank you for your book, Josephine Hart



JOSEPHINE HART
Novelist Josephine Hart has published a selection of poems from eight of the best poets in the English language, with introductory essays written by her putting their work in context. That sounds rather ordinary, but it's nothing of the sort. At the back of the book is a CD of some of the poems read by various actors. The book's title is *Getting Left by the Throat*, which is precisely what it does. If only all poetry books could come with a CD so that one could hear the words while reading them. The accident at the pretension of those poetic leviathans who turn up for a concert with the score in their bags. Now I understand. You get the meat of a poem when hearing and reading it simultaneously, savoring each copyreading by a word that the reader will make a word.

I had never thought much of Marianne Moore's or Sylvia Plath's poetry, possibly because I didn't know of the people who died like me, but then I listened to Michael McGaugh reading Moore's "Silence," and Robert Weales reading Plath's "Motherstone," and all resistance was overcome. Hearing two old ladies—Robert Weales reading Philip Larkin—was never perfect a synthesis of sound and meaning as I've ever heard. It's curious to me how many of the people in the literary era would hold some personal view that are from another place than me, and while in that one room—where Hart calls the kind of "word" people—we share everything.

Poetry begins as a survival language and then becomes inaccessible to some. I haven't had difficulty with it. The first lines I heard were from a Russian ladybird: "Sprinkles more profusely—slip my lively words." The lines are also singing in the final moments of Tchaikovsky's opera *Mazeppa* by the audience-stroking the bloodstained corpse of his slave lover, shouting it be his baby. Whether my grandmother thinking of

this bloody battle scene I can't say. She loved opera and the poetry of Pushkin on which *Mazeppa* was based. As the song goes, German bands were falling nearby, so the connection with death is not too far-fetched. More likely she was simply reciting one of the traditional poems Russian grandmothers sing to crying babies. The words float indefinitely in my memory to become my first language and first poetry.

But children's poetry is not all童趣, more often it's an early plunge for them into the darker side of imagination. Even Robert Louis Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses*, which sounds all flowers, has winter extremes. There's the presence of Starn and Drangon, many poems like "Wooly Night," with suspending verse. Whenever the sun and stars are out, / Whenever the wind is high, / All night long in the dark and deep, / A man goes

reading by
by 12 years of age, deserv-

ingly dismal clothing but with a telephone line to the transatlantic in their back pocket. Because I could not stop for Death / My kind-
ly neighbor for me, wrote Emily Dickinson, though it would later be clear that my mother knew the New England spinner with



I had never thought much of Plath's poetry, maybe because I didn't like those who liked it

everyone has tried to write a poem. That seems to be a kind of growing up and in a way a terrible mistake. Real poetry is a kind of lightning in life's pitch black. Real poets can be like mo—white hot ballsaw of rap rage in a very ordinary body of work. Walter Scott's *Ladie's Man* and *Madame Guise*, but it was only 74 that finally he wrote the four lines that were to make his mark in a poem. *Leave out me, for now is worth myself*. / Nature laid me, used to Nature, Am I toward both before the fire of life? / At least, and I am ready to depart.

Poets are young-on, rather, courageous nowhows or plungerings—which mean clean as a mirror of the stress and loneliness of their vocation. Arthur Rimbaud died at 37, having stopped writing his verse at 20. John Keats died at 25, his immortality popularised by the line "dying hourly in a joy forever." Shelley drowned before he was 10 when he had written "Ozymandias" and sailed down human ragtag ifagorean swathes of thunderous words, the right line of poetry can be worth a thousand pictures. "Read me down where all I adduce start," wrote Keats, "in the fog and horse steep of the heart." The great poets walk around dragging in rela-

the painful eye condition was writing any poetry at all. I can't watch the terrorist-attack news parades on Iraq or Afghanistan without thinking of Rudyard Kipling's lines, *For it's Rosenberg that an' Tommy plint, and 'Clock 'em out, the brat!* / But it's *Sister of 'a Country* where the gun begins to shoot.

Poetry lodges in the bones to surface at the odd times—when you're breaking your teeth—or at sleepfight. One's choice of poems is probably a Rorschach test, and if so I'm not certain what it says that T.S. Eliot is my favorite modern English language poet (a tie up with Yeats) and my favorite verse the penultimate one in part one of "Ash Wednesday" with its final line, "Teach us to see still." Readers will each have their own line that brings them to a kind of knowing.

Eliot is giving the book with its CD to every secondary school in England (more than 3,000 of them). Her London poetry evenings at the British Library have taught handily required poetry as the forefront of Britain's cultural life. The subtitle of her book is "How to Read Poetry and Why" She assumes both challenges, and that is itself in a sort of poems for which this reader can never thank her enough. ■

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: YANN, ELIOT, DICKINSON, PLATH. COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

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WHERE DID THE WINTER GO?

Climate scientists in Britain think 2007 will be the hottest year on earth since records have been kept. 'One of the hottest years on record has occurred in the past 11 years.'

- 1 A young man rides his jet ski in the port area of Montreal.
- 2 With temperatures in the low 20s, two men sit on the Coney Island beach in New York City.
- 3 Skiers compete during the women's World Cup 10-km cross-country race in Val di Fiemme, Italy.
- 4 A girl from the Dominican Republic wears a tank top while ice-skating at New York's Rockefeller Center.
- 5 A snowblower is for sale on a resident's lawn in Brooklyn, Ont.
- 6 Typically like the world's longest skating rink all this time of the year, the Rideau Canal in Ottawa remains unfrozen.
- 7 A cherry blossom tree at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden.
- 8 This golf course in Arundel, P.E.I., should be snow-covered but on Jan. 7 the temperature was 8°C and golfers came out.





'We were losing the Civil War. Lincoln kept firing generals until he found one who understood what total victory was.'

GEN. JACK KEANE TALKS TO LUIZA CH. SAVAGE ABOUT THE WISDOM OF A TROOP SURGE IN IRAQ, AND THE PARALLEL BETWEEN BUSH AND LINCOLN

Retired Gen. Jack Keane was once chief of staff of the U.S. army from 1999 to 2001. He has been a leading advocate of a "surge" of U.S. troops into Iraq, a strategy that has been embraced by the Bush administration.

You recommended a "surge" of 20,000-30,000 new troops into Iraq. There are already 150,000 there. Why would you make a difference at this time?

At first I'm really advocating a change of mission and a change of strategy, and to accomplish that you have to increase the force levels. [U.S. forces] have never been given the mission to defeat the insurgency or seize the population. The primary mission was—and this is what people, including military people who aren't close to the situation, don't understand—the military mission has been to maintain our level of responsibility to the Iraqi forces. In other words, if they wanted to do that, they would do it. They would do whatever it would take to do that.

Q. And that has failed.

A. The problem with that is the enemy was able to exploit our vulnerability because we were not placing much pressure on them. They were able to raise the level of violence every year for the three plus years we've been there, and now that violence is beyond the capacity level of Iraqi forces to handle. This operation is all about bringing the violence down to a level that's within the capabilities

of the Iraqi security forces.

Q. But for the troops on the ground, how will this be any different from what stay already does every day?

A. They will go into the neighbourhoods and clear out the insurgents, the al-Qaeda and the Shia death squads. We have done that before. But the second part of the mission, we have not done. That is, after we have cleared them out, the Iraqis and U.S. units will stay there 24/7 and not go back to their bases. They will support the population and protect them from the insurgents, the al-Qaeda, and the death squads who will try to come back. We only did that one time in a small city called Tal Afar. In other cases, we left after we cleared out and they came back. Now we will stop them from coming back. Then the third part of the mission is to provide a transition and reconstruction rule—economic packages for basic quality of life services to the population. This is so important as the military operation to our success.

Q. The U.S. military is said to be training under the weight of two wars. Where would the additional troops come from?

A. With the exception of one brigade, these are troops who are already scheduled to come to Iraq, we are just bringing them sooner. In 1998, some troops would come from units not scheduled to come for five or an army national guard brigades. I think this is something the military can do. There is a human dimension to this in terms of our soldiers and families, of course, but the military must be increased during war, and it's expected to be.

Q. What kind of commander should the American people trust for this?

the operation in Baghdad. After Baghdad is secured, we would move to Al Anbar for a different reason—to protect the people in Baghdad. It will take most of the year, but we would see some success before the year was out.

Q. What do you think is the absolute minimum number of troops required for the mission?

A. I don't want to talk about the numbers of troops, but the numbers of units because the numbers vary by unit. The bare minimum income coming down the U.S. to the theatre would be approximately six brigades—six to Baghdad and one to Al Anbar province. It's about 30,000. It depends on how many support troops come with them. It's easy to be off by 5,000 or 10,000.

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Q. What kind of commander should the American people trust for this?



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At the conclusion will be painful, but one time they will go down. I cannot attach a number to it.

Q: What about a "rallying camp"—bringing in troops conventional as the progress and/or operations take shape?

As We have to bring the level of violence down so that the Iraqis can take over. The strategies that say "Just turn it over to the Iraqis," that's what we were doing all along for the last three years. The problem is they are not ready to deal with this level of violence given the size and quality of their force. As much as I hate to say it, the current strategy, which was designed by my friends and the guys who used to work for me, has failed

that the other elements of national power that are part of the strategy—the political, economic and diplomatic—should be exercised as vigorously as the military component will be. In the past, that has not been the case. Some of those efforts have been ineffective.

Q: What do you think of the State Department?

A: We're talking about the National Security Council, the State Department and the Treasury Department.

Q: Donald Rumsfeld has taken a lot of the blame for mistakes in the war. Has that hit him in any way?

A: The blame for the war is shared by national leaders like secretary Rumsfeld and senior military leaders. There is a genuine partnership in terms of execution.

The main mistake is we had a short-war strategy and rushed to achieve a political objective—a representative democracy—that is not sustainable in the same sense. And moreover, we never took in the mission to defeat the insurgents ourselves. It was a short-war strategy that overlaid on the long security forces. That's the greatest and deepest mistake Rumsfeld personally. And, of course, the President is ultimately responsible.

Q: When American voters decided in the November elections to give Democrats majorities in both houses of Congress, was that an endorsement of Democratic calls to revert to bringing the troops home? Shouldn't the President reject that message?

A: I think the President should do what he believes is right and not put the finger in the air to see what the political mood of the country is. We are where we were at the end of the Civil War. We had lost the early battles. Washington was wringing its hands and legislators were reaching out to the Confederates to make accommodations because they knew there would be no countries now and we should just mailing political death to pull it off [Abraham] Lincoln as president would have none of it. He kept firing the generals who were losing the war until he found one who understood what total victory was and how to achieve it. The general was [Ulysses S.] Grant. Lincoln had huge political opposition to what he was doing because he had been firing the war inefficiently and people were ready to give up—kind of like where a total people are now. I think it's almost a perfect analogy.

Q: You helped write a detailed proposal for

late the Iraq could work. It called for forming an Iraqi interim government based on Shi'ite Shias, Sunnis and Kurds, primarily on the west and our side of Baghdad. Why there?

A: That's where most of the soldier is. And it allows you to show early on an even-handedness in securing the population of both Shias and Sunnis at the same time.

Q: What about giving more power to Sadr City?

A: We should try to realize that violence politically if we are able to protect the Sunnis and Sunnis over tribal and minority. Prime Minister [Nouri al] Maliki for the first time has leverage to persuade militia leaders, such as [Muqtada] al-Sadr and [Abdul Aziz] al-Hakim to stop offensive operations and draw back to a defensive posture because the U.S. and Iraqis are protecting their people. If they refuse, then we have to do that. There's no other way.

There are additional reconciliation people in Sadr City, and going in would unite the entire Shia nation and mitigate movement agitators which is not right now united. That would be 9,000,000 people.

Q: But he has horrendous history of Maliki actually having lied to his government reflected by himself?

A: Al-Maliki is aligned with Shia militias. They are a constituency which put him in power. He would not be in office without them. The problem we have now is al-Maliki cannot stop the Shia militias from conducting offensive operations because the U.S. and the Iraqi security forces have been incapable of protecting the Shia population. The thought is that once we start protecting them, we can take that issue away.

Q: You've also mentioned that the Shia militia has existed 20 years so it's not offensive operation—only after someone has been killed and the Sunnis are incensed and respond. Given the patience they demonstrated for almost three years, there is something to work with. They may be completely out of patience now, and they may not want to trust us again it's possible. But it is now worth trying.

Q: Is there any realistic way Iraq, with all its sectarian divisions, can become a stable democracy?

A: This much I do know. I believe that we can freeze tension and continue the negotiations that they cannot win through armed conflict. We can freeze the Shia militia back behind the barricades. These are politically resolvable problems. Whether the Iraqis consent to a democracy and all that entails is an open question. Probably what we can hope for is at best a stable government that can protect its people and provide goods and services. That may not be a completely representative

democracy in we democratic countries know it. If we get a stable government in Iraq, then there is no repetition of Saddam Hussein, that can protect itself and not prey on its neighbors, then we are in better shape than we were under Saddam Hussein.

After the Islamic War we operated a strong dictatorship in run South Korea for years, before capitalism started to take hold and the country eventually became the democratic society we know today. The reason was their political culture was retrograde for it after the Korean War. The Iraqi political culture is not ready either, but we forced it on them anyway. We are pulling back from obtaining the ultimate goal of a democratic country. I think, to a good and capable government capable of protecting its people and providing goods and services. That's a much more realistic goal. Q: What is your overall one sentence?

A: We begin to withdraw before the Iraqis can handle the level of violence in the country. That could lead to a fractured government, an all-out civil war, a failed state and the U.S. would have to withdraw completely.

Q: American citizens have been involved in Iraq, but at year's end Canada is making a significant military effort in Afghanistan. At least thank God for it.

There is a human dimension, but the military exists to be stressed during war, and expects it'

and success will be shown in Iraq. The liberal publication will change. I think the recent election was different than what you suggested it was, after the frustration of the Arab voter with the lack of progress in Iraq, and we were making progress, even if it were to take longer than anticipated. Thereafter the American people would completely support it.

Q: What is your overall one sentence?

A: We begin to withdraw before the Iraqis can handle the level of violence in the country. That could lead to a fractured government,

Q: You would recommend that the President deal with Democratic leaders who were at a late last week warning that a Iraq surge was bad idea?

A: I think the President has to make a decision to do what's right in Iraq. One program

Q: How do you judge the prospects for success there?

A: The problem in Afghanistan is the central government is weak and there is a rather robust insurgency in Pakistan on the border where the Taliban are formed and are seeking a return to power. We shouldn't underestimate this. We should just defend their interests and help and he is helping his best. He is concerned about U.S. and NATO resolve.

Q: Would a major recommitment of U.S. troops to Iraq weaker American resolve in Afghanistan?

No, I think it will help. If we can show success in Iraq, which we can, I think it would encourage everyone about the operation in Afghanistan. They are different countries and cultures to be sure, but there is a common thread. There are similarities in both countries that want to implement a stable, clean government and there are external players.

I think '07 is going to be difficult, but I'm optimistic. ■



'The current strategy, designed by my friends and guys who used to work for me, has failed'

Q: Why have there been press reports of resistance within the Pentagon to the idea of a surge?

A: Sure there are people who don't agree with it—the military is not a monocultural organization. For two years, people have believed the narrative was wrong and would fail. But the fact of the matter is, the President is going to change the mission and the military is going to implement it. If you can't do that, you shouldn't be a soldier. The joint chiefs will be behind it. The joint chiefs are concerned



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Take the next step.



As tall, lanky men with a bushy grin for one eye and, then the features define who team opponents tend to shun, and lowest. Adore who tags a briefcase to work, but a fan who sought his Final Martin barman trying to throw him overboard. And in last month's Liberal leadership race, a long, odd route in the middle of the pack who hung it to win a dramatic photo-finish. "Stephane some interesting stories to work," former colleague says. "Dudley Do-right with a last for the tagline."

Stephane Dion's spectacular victory has aped a frenzied, giddy happy-go-lucky colour on this waaaaay political game. So, here he readily admits he has no talent for small talk, and had to work hard to master his basic, essential political skill that seems not out of character for colleagues—remembering people's names and faces. His wife, Jamie, likes her, says Dion is a cleanup he's sure "likely useless around the house." He can't be trusted to change a light bulb, especially broken. "She runs the household, keeps the books and matches her husband's clothes for him. Friends say he has a kind warm sense of humour—with a touch for absurd jokes à la Monty Python. One once told him that eight-year-old daughter, out of the blue: "What is it that we call the world's most popular of a home's dreams?" After he lost his job at environment ministries, from Stephen Harper's Conservative last year, he bought himself a white Siberian husky he named Kyoko.

**She manages the money
and matches his clothes.
They talk politics late
into the night. They're not
what you'd expect.**

BY BENJAMIN AUBIN • PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN HAYWARD

OTTAWA'S NEW POWER COUPLE

Stephane Dion is known as a rare bird, a high-profile individual who takes public service, its wrinkles and all. Dion has a driver's license and even a car—a hand-me-down, off-wheel drive red Subaru Forester—but he seldom drives it not simply because of environmental concerns but because of everyday problems. The biggest issue at the Liberal leadership convention—when the planks of Dion's supporters showed up on the Saturday morning of the vote, all wearing green T-shirts in celebration of everybody else's—should not be appreciated by Dion himself: he cannot see the difference between red and green in traffic lights or T-shirts. Stephane Dion talks everywhere because he is colour blind.

Dion's body language suggests "neutrality"; he likes to play golf with the guys. He's a loner, an occasional slave, a dedicated fly fisherman who says "fishing is the only time when I can be patient." Above all, "Stephane is an original." He has an "inventive mind," says the person who knows him best. And, Jeanne Bourque adds, "He always surprises you, and pop up where you expect him the least. That's what makes him interesting, and so funny in his own way."

Dion himself, who is surprised thing about his leadership victory in Montreal on Dec. 2, has surprised so many people. His main objective during a recent interview with Maclean's was to explain how every thing about him—his upbringing, his Ph.D., his academic research into the issue of power and the workings of government, his passion in politics, then in the business world, his struggle to keep his riding—and his wife, a police officer in her own right—all combined to make

him the best candidate for the post of prime minister. "I am perfectly well prepared for that job," he told Maclean's.

Yet, in the three months he gave at his first press conference as Liberal leader, Dion made this startling remark for a new party boss: "There have always been underestimates," he told *TMZ*'s Lisa Dib. "And it has always seemed well."

Stephane Dion won the Liberal leadership in a good part because none of his main political rivals were in there to deal with such a political oddball: a cracked underdog.

The liberal convention in the House of Commons representing the party in Quebec saw that elected them last year—the Greens' stunning showing even if based or resented Stephane Dion with varying degrees of fervency. No Quebec name was behind Dion's leadership bid.

He was not popular among his Quebec peers in part because he is much better educated, and clearly more intelligent, than most of them—and he never did much trade-off that view. As well, he would much rather share ideas with them. He'd send short reports and briefings back to top of his own—and he'd think privately, without quantifying during executive committee meetings that the boss was listening. Private don't really don't like that. Regular guys do, either. But mostly, his colleagues were ill at ease around Stephane Dion because they couldn't figure figure him out. He is not your standard politician.

"My approach instead," he has known to grade politiques—high office—long before I had to learn the street fighting side of party politics," Dion says of his topsy-turvy, unpredictable ride in federal circles. "For most politicians, that's the other way around." A total rookie, Dion was welcomed into the stratospheric confines of the Privy Council as a young intern by Jean Chrétien in 1996. Eight years later, he was hauled up in St-Louis-Cartier, Quebec riding office, fighting "the Liberal machine" that was plotting to seal his riding away from him, Sheila Cappo style.

The loss of that Liberal machine in the 2004 election, Jean Lapierre, comes back on the Montreal radio circuit. Politics is tough everywhere. In Quebec, it can get real. But Stephane Dion had been warned.

His father, the late Leon Dion, a political activist of earthy international repute and a gentle scholar to a coterie of Quebec leaders, had urged his young, hot-shot, media darling of a son to pursue the son's song of social political involvement in the mid-1980s. "All kinds of people will want to define you in all kinds of ways that will not reflect you at all for your thoughts," he warned Stephane. "One will, forever, be a mere politician for the true scholars, and a mere scholar for the true politicians."

Forged moment, his famous been-meister, Denise Dion—now Dion—had told him the man was "very far from me, happy looking

by Irina McLennan, and to a degree implied by Louis Dion. It was shot down in flames by such Liberal icons as Pierre Trudeau and Jean Chretien—late, young Denis Dion, now senior and political godfather. Stephane Dion supported Meech, and was a member of the mid-1980s "All kinds of people will want to define you in all kinds of ways that will not reflect you at all for your thoughts," he warned Stephane. "One will, forever, be a mere politician for the true scholars, and a mere scholar for the true politicians."

Brelevated Liégeois, north of the
town's Free Quebec sector of Biley,
was among the most desirable,
but not necessarily affordable,
neighbourhoods of Quebec City's upper
town in the early 1980s. And the cultural
environment in which Stephane Dion grew

the intellectual store, the political heavier
and the power brokers of the time. Andre
Lariviere, Claude Ryan, Jean Marchand,
all the patriarchs of Quebecism; Jean Lesage
in the annals, and their technocrats—Jacques
Parizeau, Claude Morin—would be in a path
to beseeched Lebel for their chance to answer
les, in other dinner chat, with Léon Dion. "I
would hide in a corner, and try and make
myself invisible, so I could absorb, take it all
in," Dion says.

He began the first leg of his own political
journey by joining his mentor's Trinity-
and-associating his parrot-reporter de-legate
while dabbling in determine. Meech built

His wife says Dion is absolutely useless around the house. He can't be trusted to change a light bulb. Especially halogen.'

people" among the politi-
cians who were not the solo
in their heart in the Que-
bec Cityborough of Biley,
steering clear, from Dion, the
elder.

But such was Stephane
Dion's participation in life
first, in order to "become
a man," he had to defy his
father, and show him that
he had the sevors and the
guts to tackle Canada's na-
tionality problem. "I be-
came involved in politics at
quite an early age, out of
defens, really," Dion said
in the interview. "My father
had a considerable influence
on me, but I wanted to be
more or less, and, quite often,
the young man has
overruled the older to do
that. It's the classic way."

Since then—1986, Leon
Dion has been a front-line thinker on this
nation's key existential issue: how to recon-
cile Quebec's vibrant one of cultural diver-
sity and political autonomy with its national-
ity status as a 10-province federation. But,
near the end of his career, the older Dion, a
key adviser to René Lévesque, knew his shel-
tered life after the fall of the Marché du Québec
attempt, a constitutional referendum in 1995. He
started calling himself a "road federalist"—
one on the verge of falling for that other term
using all 100 familiar to Quebecers and French
the terminology of separation.

Lévesque, a separatist researcher Pierre Bour-
gault would call the younger Dion "the last
true federalist," but he's bent the point.
The irony, in that episode, is that the Marché
du Québec—calling Quebec a dual nation
within Canada, etc.—was a Tory initiative led



AT HOME IN MONTREAL: Dion got a dog he named Kyoto after losing his job as environment minister

up "new extraordinarily rich and stimulat-
ing, explosive, didn't fully realize it at all,"
says Michel Falardeau, a Quebec City author
whose business father, sociologist Jean Charles
Falardeau, was a friend and colleague of
Leon Dion.

At that time, well-off Biley bourgeois drink-
ed Kieffer gin and 7Up, and drove their

Chrysler sedans. Many, like Dion's family,
and their friends, travelled and studied in
France, they knew the best in foods and the
arts, they formed a close-knit colony of
dazzling new minds, with a mission and
perseverance: "They were the theorized
class of the Quiet Revolution, the guaranteed
and entitlements de guerre [referring mindfully],"

Falardeau says. "There was
no hype."

Stephane Dion never had to go far to meet

ble as a long-haired Freshman at the Jesuit press' elite Collège Sainte-Croix-Garneau in Quebec City. But, the better to analyze his old man, he soon evolved into a tall wing
separatist, knocking on houses doors on behalf of future PQ enterpreneur Louise Beaubien in the 1976 election. "He thought René Lévesque was a rascal," buffed down Robert Mackay remembers.

At the time, the family had a contentious
rival—gathering the children around the
table for the Sunday meal. There, young
Stephane would try his new political argu-
ments—first, Marxist, then separatist—as his
famous father Leon Dion, a faintly stern
looking, soft spoken man, would usually
argue Stephane's case unconvincingly. "Leon
Dion was formidable," the son says today.
"My father reduced my arguments to nothing,

but he would never have me put me down. He would always save an honourable
out, a way out for me in one face. I haven't
been as good at that as at the bar."

Stephane Dion's three closest teenage
buddies were car-loving young liberal
peeps who played football and hockey.
"Stephane did not become smug-party-in
college—he's always been like that," says
Rayon Côté, who grew up across the river
Dad's light. "Not as frusterber, not even
after a few beers at the Bistro" (That's Le
Baron), a nearby amateur tennis. (They'd
kick ass there, and, this being Quebec, talk
politics. "We often argued over language
law," recalls Mackay, a francophone despite
his name. As a liberal, he defended the mid-
student days, the freedom of choice Stephane
was more nationwide at the time.)

Dion's mother's thesis in 1979 was a criti-
que of the strategies put forward by the
Parti Québécois, elected in 1976, to prepare
for the referendum of 1980. As a political
science student at Laval, Stephane Dion
spotted the standard look of the intellectuel



DION AND KIEBERLE met 24 years ago as a drowsy, no-clue intern at his boss's desk, which he did once a year

"We spent four years inside a micro-apartment, then a year in a hole infested by rats, living on pasta," says Dion. "We're solid.'

The boys were into a lyrical spasm, "but
Stephane was too ho-hum to fight or play rough,"
says the 200 lb plus Côté, now a Quebec
City import-export businessman. "I was his
bodyguard. In fact, where he beat up rats,
on sports fields and trains. We hauled him,"
Côté. "Not, not really. The only one who
was into chasing rats in our group of Gu-
mier was Pierre Houle. He became a Catholic
priest."

Louis Belanger was a young professor who
had left Montreal to teach at the burgeoning
Université Laval's school of social sciences
in the late 1960s. "At the time, Quebec City
was more conservative, compared to Mon-

tréal, which had a much more rebellious scene,"
he says. Indeed, separation was hashed in
Montreal, not Quebec City. Belanger ended up
working for phone, then at Laval a few
years later. "He was very self-assured, almost
cocky," says Côté. "He had that typical French
accent—they love arguing and debating, they
think nothing of interrupting you, even putting
you down when they can. People of Anglo-
Saxon culture find that rude and somewhat
annoying, but French kids learn these skills
as an early age. Young Stephane was very
much like that, very French."

Dion's mother's thesis in 1979 was a criti-
que of the strategies put forward by the
Parti Québécois, elected in 1976, to prepare
for the referendum of 1980. As a political
science student at Laval, Stephane Dion
spotted the standard look of the intellectuel
in its facades. "We've spent four years
piled up inside a micro-apartment
on Main Street, then another year on a hole
infested by rats and code-monster Jefferson Avenue
in Washington, a pretense,
living on pasta," Dion says.
"We're sold."

Stephane's then adviser was the elec-
trified, Marxist urban government—the so-
called Red Belt that surrounded Paris. Kieberle's
was a comparative study of
various political groups in
Germany, Italy and the U.S.

"I was interested in an op-
posite conception of power
in centralized societies," Dion
recalls. Says Kieberle: "The
members of the Bader
Merkel gang were like
us—same culture, same
background. I wanted to

understand why they had chosen violence."

Result? An odd couple. Dion "lived here
shaking in the framework of peasant pol-
itical ideas." Jeanne had developed an expen-
sive interest in political violence. "It is the opposite
of what is usually expected in a couple—it's
the man who's attracted by violence, and the woman who's attracted by better political influence words."

Much has been made of the fact that Stephane

booster prodding him to be the first among the very last of them all. Stéphane Dion has a doctoral title—a state-sanctioned Ph.D.—and a bronze medallion from the CNRS, the Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique. Tell any Frenchman that, and his mouth turns a big silent O. In this most élite of universities, absence of a university diploma signifies Dion is not just a mere élan culturel; he is an official member of the élite, top-tier élite of the contemporary French intellectual elite.

Denis St. Martin, a friend and former colleague of Dion, remarks that “Stephane Dion’s career in lawh for breaking the trend and going against the crowd is very much apparent in his choice of a topic and of a mentor for his studies. Social issues were France was the early 1980s were heavily influenced by

individualists. That regeneration events are unique between the two. Power is a fact, having nothing to do with leadership or.” Dion says he found the reason for his philosophical alignment in Quebec. “What I needed to see as a young liberal was the thought that freedom, love and power could be reconciled, even if independently, under one model of reciprocal interaction.”

Given past visits to the Québec Canada federation, and you have Stephane Dion’s answer to our national unity concern.

Back in Canada 1984, Dion and Kieber became Highway-lovers, trying to recruit job seekers to sport. Dion got a job teaching political science at Université Montréal, a separation herbed, and Kieber got one in the public domain in Laval in Québec City. “We were not typical political scientists

to adopt Jeanne, their only child. The Parisian adoption bureaucracy was not exactly well suited at the time, and the process took three months. Obstinately, Dion remembers mostly that the absurd, the bad and the worse made him feel almost on fire. “I could not keep those three feelings in me for so much, much longer than today.” The couple had been directed in Paris by Guy-Émile Desautel, an Argentinian-born colleague who leaves people there. “To this day, people in Canada recall the tall bald gringo who used to talk around with his daughter in his backpack.” Diacritics tell a reporter

Absurdly? Dion’s famousof Dion for digging a student’s backpack to extract earnings and official functions. Now, it seems, this prop—no end could for a slender shop assistant our to one malleable postmodern—brought an erosion of Dion’s authority for quite a bit of time.

In the classroom though, professor Dion was not as actively start to his students at the time. “His lectures got ratings closer to C than to A,” says St. Martin, who also studied under the freshly minted Dr. Stéphane Dion at Université de Montréal in the late eighties. “But he was teaching an apt topic. International affairs [Kieber’s forte, incidentally] was all the rage at the time. Public administration [Dion’s course] was seen as a powder keg by many.”

But not by all. “He helped me develop a clear under-

standing of how governments work,” says Charles Gris-Grisson, now an editor at *Le débat*, a magazine in Montreal. “As the end of each lecture, Dion organized debates on hot political topics, such as the Charlottetown accord of 1982. He would present the arguments, of course, but he will not start for us at the front. His father was.”

Working in two different cities was not an ideal set up for any family, but there were other problems. Doctors concluded the couple was sterile. That is what led them to the altar. They could not consider adopting a child if they weren’t married. “I suggested adoption on April First’s Day,” Jeanne Kieber says. “But April 1 happened to be Good Friday that year.”

In 1985, Stephane Dion set off for Casablanca, the research capital in the Moroccan Andes,

standing of how governments work,” says Charles Gris-Grisson, now an editor at *Le débat*, a magazine in Montreal. “As the end of each lecture, Dion organized debates on hot political topics, such as the Charlottetown accord of 1982. He would present the arguments, of course, but he will not start for us at the front. His father was.”

Which leads with Stephane Dion. Arriving to his wife, and friends, he was much too busy building up his academic career to pay much attention to running the household, despite Quebec’s separation. “Mr. Dion is a small man. He doesn’t earn for me,” says Quebecor leader Louis Rielard said at the time.

That must have hurt them.

Stephane Dion was never modest in triumph. He was, only measured his opponents, he triumphed with glee. Once he became famous at the time are still smiling today. Regular folks who didn’t pay much attention to politics back then still seem to remember there were something vaguely unusual about that Dion guy. That’s probably his most tragic concern at the moment. But he’s working on it. When asked, at the end of a long interview, at the end of a grueling week, just before the Clinton was break, what actually upset him, Dion replied, without missing a beat: “Bush and Anthony. I cannot accept that some people born-debater Hélène Carleton, his thinking is genocidal. For her, every problem has a solution. “What Liberalism is here to add is that Dion was very good as disturbing them in the Separatists’ thinking, but ‘he failed to add the more comprehensive, emotional issue of why half the population voted for sovereignity in 1995.’

Le Paris is white. Alice Christie spiced Dion, and told her husband, the emboldened prime minister, that he should check himself. “When the phone rang, saying the office of the prime minister was calling, I replied ‘which one?’” Christie says. “I think they

‘My father reduced my arguments to nothing, but he’d give a way out for me to save face. I haven’t been as good at that.’



DION HAS A lavoro model from the CNRS in France. Tell my Frenchmen that and his mouth turns a big-O.

thought I was being rude.” (In French, prime minister covers both the prime minister and the prime minister.)

Dion was in Ottawa that day, giving a lecture that was, he says “very critical of Chrétien and the federal leadership.” On the refuted audience, Dion walked his morning at St. George Hall through his discussions with the prime minister, Alice Christie walked in, asking her husband how anything? “You’re working on it,” Christie replied.

A few weeks later, Robert Bourassa tried to win Dion into the National Assembly, not knowing that Christie had been there before him. “I told Mr. Bourassa that we have a young child, my wife works out of town, and I am the one who takes care of the kid in the morning,” Dion says. Christie brushed the argument aside, saying Dion would catch up on family life with his grandfather. “It was a matter of another generation. To talk like that for a man my age would be unacceptable.”

At first, Dion did not include to turn a deaf ear to the career of politics, but his wife was unswayed by it. “We’re doing okay things, before, and this could be fast,” she said. A month later, Dion had come to terms with the idea of himself as a politician, but then it was Kieber who had second thoughts. “We had a child, I had to go to Saint-Jean-sur-Richelieu to teach at the military college there, 90 kilometers south of Montreal, and it was a compromise was reached.” Ungrateful that I’d go into politics for the name that it takes



THE COUPLE, now living in a splendid Montreal townhouse, will be moving to Stormont (below) next month.

She visited Afghanistan during the federal election as a DND expert, ‘thinking it would be less bloody there,’ Kieber jokes

Muslim sheveen like Michel Faureau?” says Kieber. “St. Martin goes on. “They were all about class warfare, domination, aggression, liberation.” Except, perhaps, Dion’s bones reme- tor, Michel Faureau, a liberal thinker. “For tain, only the individual matters. The less, less structure there are meaningful sacra- tions. Only actions taken by individuals carry significance.”

Of course a power, his intellectual mentor, Dion says. “For Faureau, what distinguishes a bureaucrat from a human being is power. There is no power in a bureaucrat, only a preordained hierarchy. Power is relational. Power implies a negotiation between

standards of how governments work,” says Charles Gris-Grisson, now an editor at *Le débat*, a magazine in Montreal. “As the end of each lecture, Dion organized debates on hot political topics, such as the Charlottetown accord of 1982. He would present the arguments, of course, but he will not start for us at the front. His father was.”

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That must have hurt them.

“It’s funny he says that, because I’m stubborn and a string of apparently synonymous, impudent, today, insolent, arrogant— are words that emerged up on your news about Stephane Dion just as he performed positive, eager, honest, brilliant, computer and ‘You’re’.”

Indeed 1995, during that referendum campaign, Stephane Dion won a popular grant at Le Point, Radio-Canada’s public affairs program. There, he often crossed swords with Guy Lafleur, another berlingue political extremist from Laval University. Stéphane used to call them Poitier and Boisie, the two little ones in the Highbury House curtains. “Stephane is more French than most people realize,” Lafleur says. “He’s a born-debater Hélène Carleton, his thinking is genocidal. For her, every problem has a solution. “What Liberalism is here to add is that Dion was very good as disturbing them in the Separatists’ thinking, but ‘he failed to add the more comprehensive, emotional issue of why half the population voted for sovereignity in 1995.’

to solve a problem, then we'd never see our classroom," Dean says. His Clarity Act defining the conditions of separation was passed four years later in June 2000—but, like John Lennon sang, life is what happens to you when you're busy making other plans. That's not coming from academic to government; that's it's own way street.

Today, the idea that a pure Québecois government is feasible is, say, 18 per cent of the vote, while Quebec's separationist camp, with its, and then separate autonomy with everyone improving along the way would be impossible, thanks to Dr. Clarity Act. "The vote was made easier by the fact that

friends between Bourassa and Trudeau, or David Johnson and Jean Charest had almost merged into the circle of leaders that existed between Ottawa and the separate province's Lévesque, Johnson, Patriotes, Bouchard, Landry.

"Why have the Quebec Liberals always been divided into two battle stances, the feds and the pros?" Mostly because sections 91 and 92 of the Constitution—the ones that define the respective responsibilities of the two levels of government, and Section 93, which deals with education. Under constant pressure from nationalists, Quebec Liberals have always been extremely wary of "pro-

complain Ottawa or not."

In his interview with Maclean's, after losing his bid with the separatists' nationalities, Dean launched onto a tirade that, he says, was once housed at the semi-regular dinner meetings of Trudeau nostalgists, held at Moët et Chandon's La Maison du Tapis Rouge in the 1990s. "I, for one, would never say that Quebec nationalism is a throwback to the 19th century," he says. "Nationalism is also a valid form of human solidarity. Stretching fingers to count the peers of a disgruntled voter with the Christian Trudeau orthodoxy, he adds: "It's not true that the Bloc Québécois was going to change the way Canada

'I told Mr. Bourassa that we have a child, my wife works out of town, and I am the one who takes care of her in the morning'



BOISVERT and his wife adopted their daughter, Jeannine, from Peru in 1988. She is their only child.

the PQ never did a serious no-deal post-secession analysis after losing the referendum," says Lafleur.

PQ slugs in a much longer no-deal Liberal to have as his calling card, especially outside Quebec, but that doesn't tell anyone what kind of federalist Stephen Dion has been as cabinet minister, or would be as prime minister.

To get to that—yes, that's the patriotic part, the part in which I apparently kill my father figure to emerge the dominant one—another reason why Liberal governments in Quebec City have always been more comfortable dealing with a truly pragmatic minister in Ottawa than with one of the two (now three) Godfathers. Chantal Hébert mugs at a replica of yesterday's Bourassa/Maclean's wolfish

smugness ("provincial jurisdiction and have often justified for so called 'independent federalism'"), the ability to parse fiscal advantages as so-called regional programs. But the Ottawa Liberals have had a sweet tooth for national programs, standardized grants, and road show-and-weep consulting, management techniques stretched to federal sub-sides and transfers.

Still, those who think Stephen Dion will be no-mooches, Trudeau-style, remedial federalists just because he bought the separatists in Quebec may be in for a surprise, says Stephan Jean-Claude Boisvert. "Dion's record in government indicates he has a good and respectful read of the Constitution, and there's more in sync with the Quebec approach than with that of your standard issue, let them

complain Ottawa or not."

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As a scholar, Stéphanie Dion's paper of choice in her split quite evenly between Park and Whistler.

He became aware of

the size of Canada later in life, mainly through the informal network of political scientists that held conferences and conferences here and there. His support with the rest of Canada has been an answer to himself, a late-blooming affair, according to Lafleur. "His support in the federal government has changed Stephane Dion," Lafleur says. The former PQ biker "has come to me several times and said the new Canadian narrative is idealistic, one that people like Michael Ignatieff can also be associated with. So many federalists are now in trouble or have adapted worldviews that Canada needs to be rekindled to pursue its own federalism, if only to show it can do it." And, Lafleur adds: "The ecological platform is also part of that new Canadian identity. And I think that's all we're."

Dion's Canadian identity does find inspiration in other federalist reformers such as Belgian and Spanish, whom she has studied and visited frequently. "I have friends in Barcelona who say that being Catalans makes them better Spaniards, and then, better Europeans," he says. "That's exactly what I think about this. It's not up to me, they don't understand."

To Dion's mind, "there is more to Canada than equalization payments. We are richer and better than our provincial counterparts would be separately," he says, with a nod to Michel Courtemanche. "I am not in favour of a strong government in Quebec because I am a Quebec nationalist, but I am in favour of a Quebec nationalist-led federalist program." Leon Dore, Jean Charest and Anna Fontaine, among Quebec government officials, may only make Canada stronger (and Jean Charest).

Today, to you particularist, the battle, and 11 years after banishing upon the issue as the straight talking, Popescu-stoking anti-nationalist, Stéphanie Dion looks at the file she showed every morning and sees the next great majority of Canada—a majority in favour of her love for her father, and her family home, where they were wrong, and how Canada can be kept together—Quebec happily within

the Bloc currently live in a splendid townhouse on a dead-end street just off Côte des Neiges Road in downtown Montreal—mention it and discount it as a showcase of affluent urban living. Janice Kehler, an artist who studied beau arts before becoming a noted anti-nationalist expert on terrorism and political violence with the Department of National Defence—at the bar she found and renovated the house. At first, Kehler said she wanted to give it some time before concluding a move to Sommerville last year, she said: "there is such renovation work to do" that she'll move there right away.

When nudged a few times, Kehler offers pointed examples of what she calls Dion's "excessive thinking." As a university student, he questioned the right of Quebec to secede—a sacrifice—the better to spell out our own dreams for Quebec to integrate. "At environmental minister, one of his first moves was to call an international conference on climate change in Montreal, before deciding that Environment is an economic—not merely political—priority. And, finally, in one of his first official addresses as head of the Opposition last month was to say that a federal government would review the Libya intervention and the mission mandate of our troops in Afghanistan."

Coronado? Janice Kehler is an expert in tumultuous political upheaval, having studied in international relations, and is a noted expert on military issues. She visited Canadian troops in Afghanistan during the last federal election for DND, "thinking it would be less bloody over there than around here." The answer from back of the room is: "as counter strike." Dion Kehler compactly captures a right out.

"Stephane and I have always spoken right downing stuff that fascinates us both," she says. "I would go to you if I could see how stopgap ruling now that he is in politics." Dion: "I have shared my life with someone who has made her own mistakes, and she has had a profound influence on me." Forin' stinks, the idea that accession must also look like cake within a predetermined legal framework [the Clarity Act] is an obvious by-product of her expertise in police politics."

So there. Stephane Dion is on his own—at the helm of a faltering Liberal party that didn't really know from left to right in the house, difficult and, for now, Conservative Ottawa.

But with Janice Kehler enjoying a substantial role as both his and Ottawa, Dion will be far from lonely at the top. ■

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IF YOU WALK over them? You might not know they're there. Or they might explode!

WATCH YOUR STEP

Ottawa is warning about unexploded ammo lurking underfoot

BY MICHAEL VIBRIO COLANTO • Nobody lives on Bald Head Island. Not now, and certainly not in the 1940s, when the sunsets of that era were a precious treat for Canadian seafarers trawling high above Lake Ontario. For 14 years, from 1939 to 1953, fighter planes patrolled the isolated beach with thousands of bombs and rockets. During the height of the Second World War, declaiming explosions were just part of the natural chain of living in Prince Edward County. "I'm old, and I have childhood memories of it," says Randy Saylor, whose family still continues to live in the region, two hours east of Toronto. "Even then, we used to hear over to Bald Head on Sundays, and picking up bullet shells and have a swim."

WE USED TO PICK THE SHINY BULLETS OFF THE BEACH AND HAVE A SWIM*

you will be lucky and nothing will happen. You might not even know it is there. Or it might explode.

The latter happened in Pierre Gérin in June 1983. His family and friends were celebrating Saint Jean-Baptiste Day on the beach of Lac St. Pierre in Nicolet, Que. One of the participants picked up what appeared to be an old pipe and tossed it on the campfire. It turned out to be an explosive shell, one of thousands buried near the lake from a nearby experimental munitions range. The campfire exploded, killing Gérin and wounding nine others. "Every spring, there is still ammunition that we find on the beach," says François Gérin, who helped disassemble

ger brother the first night, and whose fare was later compensated by the military. "They should have done something long time ago."

Such is DND's dilemma. No matter what it does now, nobody will be completely satisfied. Some will complain it's overkill. Others will say it's not safe enough. Even the bureaucrats are divided: armed with unlimited funds (they aren't; in 2006 the budget was \$1 billion) they could never dispose of everything but orbital debris. "The only way we could ever give a 100 per cent guarantee is if we sifted every mound of sand down to the bedrock," McRae says. "And that's just not practical." So instead, the department plans to zone each site according to how modified it is, overseen with the idea that someone will actually try over a specified and trigger-free explosion. Low-risk areas will essentially be left alone, allowing the focus to focus on disarming places like Bald Head Island and Lac St. Pierre. Come springtime, these areas, and dozens of others, will also be surrounded by bright new "DANGER" signs—and what suddenly looks grouped (the version with "bombs") is the resounding peace, according to the consultant's report. Others possibilities were rejected for being too "futile" and "expensive".

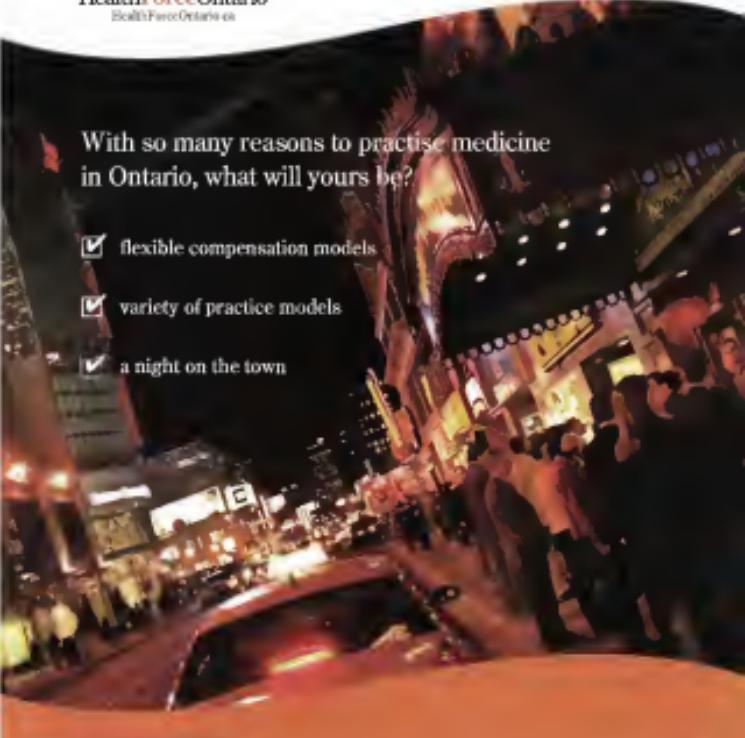
When asked if the government's action plan, Terrence Long could only sigh. "Warning sign?" "A little more thought has to go into that," says Long, a round-field engineer and former bomb disposal chief for the Canadian Forces. "You'd take the time right out of DND's hands and develop a whole new department. They are the polluters, so how, in the 21st century, can we still have the Del Norte during what they're going to clean up and what they see now?"

Consider Langtry, the coast of Yarmouth, N.S. For years, he has been trying to warn officials about the sunken U-215 German submarine that rests on the ocean floor. "That subs sits at a 45-degree angle with fire terminals launching on it," he says. "In front of the tubes we have two mines, and in the last tube are two mines." Fishermen troll the area nearly every day, and some have already snagged their nets on the wreck. "It's just a matter of time before somebody hooks the remote launch tubes, pulls open the hatch and catches a mine." Put the raw that that has not shamed.

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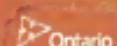


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FOR THE RECORD

MAYBE HE'S JUST A LITTLE SOFT-SPOKEN
Could you tell me a little bit more about Mr. Blair's foreign policy? Recently I haven't heard anything from him.—Waleed Khan, MP
Mr. Halsbury—Strattonville responded to a question in a press conference last week about whether he has concerns about Dion's Afghanistan policy. Khan, who was appointed to the MP's special adviser on South Asia and the Middle East last August, pressed over from the Liberals to the Conservatives last week.



HONEY FOR NOTHING. Rich countries have spent some US\$62.3 billion dollars in aid over the past 40 years. What has it accomplished?

SO MUCH FOR FOREIGN AID

Africa's new curse is a crippling brain drain. Its chief cause: us.

BY LAURET ECHTER ■ In 1991, when a Tanzanian delegation, smaller though not less similar to what happened in neighbouring Rwanda a year later, emigrated to the tiny central African country of Burundi, 20-year-old Mathilde Nyamvumba was one of those to flee the country. Because she was a graduate with a promising future—she held an accounting diploma and had just enrolled in an economics program at the University of Burundi-Nyamvumba—a friend in Montreal made her leave as a refugee. Thirty years on, Nyamvumba lives in Winnipeg rather than in Burundi, instead of holding a significant position in the economy of her country of birth, she works in Air Canada's sales department. And she is part of a phenomenon recently given a name: Africa's brain drain.

If you've not heard this term before, you're not alone. Just when we thought we had a handle on aid causing Africa's problems, a

disturbing trend has now emerged: the continent's best and brightest are leaving, even as their home countries need them most. Some analysts say that as many as 50,000 Ph.D.s, or 30 percent of Africa's university-trained professors, currently live and work outside the continent, in Britain, Europe, or North America. Others put the number higher, at 70,000 skilled graduates leaving each year. By any measure, such an exodus is devastating, a clear symptom of desperation to get out of its feet. It has also weighed in to what's happening out to be a critical reconsideration of the entire proposition of foreign aid.

AFRICAN-TRAINED DOCTORS ARE ACTIVELY POACHED BY THE U.K.



braindrain or finds its way into the bank accounts of kleptocratic politicians, while the poor remain as desperate as ever. The titles say it all. *While Men Stand by*, *Save the World's Efforts to Aid the Poor Were Done So Much to End So Little Good*, by William Easterly, *The Trouble With Africa: Why Foreign Aid Isn't Working* by Robert Calderisi. Both Easterly and Calderisi are former World Bank economists. Calderisi, a Canadian, spent more than 20 years in Africa. Neither denies that poverty is a massive scale problem in the so-called developing world. Nor do they dispel the notion of foreign aid as effective.

African country of Tanzania is reportedly burdened with preparing 2,400 reports each quarter and hosting 1,000 meetings with donors annually—no doubt at great cost. According to a Brookings Institution task force, called Transforming Foreign Assistance at the time, Tanzania has concluded that the cost of accepting aid is quite equal to its benefit. Robert Calderisi cites a US\$100-million miners project as which one of each dollar spent went to medicine for every expert sent in to help Africa—a doctor, a lawyer—an educated African is leaving

Sabugumani, and inflows can have systemic adverse effects on a country's own priorities. Canada Africa—one of the deepest liabilities for foreign aid. As Calderisi puts it, in the past 30 years Africa has lost half of its foreign market for export products, mostly to other, more efficient, developing nations. The cost in revenue to the continent: \$70 billion a year. Africa currently represents only two per cent of the valued world trade, a number that has jumped up from one per cent only due to cancer high-end and copper prices. He also notes that 40 percent of Africa can manage its depleted resources, where the capital world presumably do some local good, but it hardly outside the continent.

Schmalenbach Africa seems to have joined the discussion. One of the more prominent is a Kenyan entrepreneur, James Shikwati. Shikwati is viewed controversially by some Westerners because of his ties to American neo-conservative think tanks such as the Heritage Foundation, but one can dismiss the politics he gained. "For God's sake, please stop the aid," he told the German magazine *Der Spiegel* in an interview earlier this year. Shikwati's main argument is that aid money not only supports huge bureaucracies but promotes corruption and complacency. "Africans are taught to be beggars," he says. Shikwati believes that we must level incentives and deficits "the spirit of entrepreneurship," regarding his country desperately needs. If the West were to raise these payments, he argues, rural Africans wouldn't even notice. "Only the bureaucrats would be hurt."

And then there is the Iranian. The fifth-oldest government in the Commonwealth, Iran suggested that the number of skilled immigrants leaving the continent may pale to the number of foreign technical experts being sent as part of international NGO projects or foreign aid packages. In other words, for every expert sent to help Africa—a medical professional, engineer, lawyer, government analyst, environmental planner—an educated African national is going in the other direction. Alex Ntoumi, an environmentalist at Lethbridge Metropolitan University who under took a study for the migration for the British Association of University Teachers, allow that migration statistics are notoriously incomplete, still, the trend is incontestable, in his paper tag. "A larger home-grown staff base would be beneficial for all sorts of reasons," he says, "including lowering dependency on foreign expertise, which, he says, will, 'do not come value-free.' There are also social costs: the loss history, culture, local ways of thinking and experiencing our once highly developed knowledge.

Controlling a people's migration is a difficult business because nobody, in a global



EXECUTIVES like the World Bank's Paul Wolfowitz are getting tough on corruption

near U.S. congressman Tom DeLay, who inserted frenziedly that foreign aid amounts "planting disaster overseas." But they do point out that over the past 50 years, rich countries have paid, in Easterly's estimation, US\$62.3 billion for development in poor countries—only to see children in Africa and parts of Asia still dying from easily preventable diseases, and women still walking miles to collect water or firewood.

No one is surprised when the money went. This expectation has led to the correct skepticism over aid's effectiveness. The old idea that something will eventually trickle down to the truly needful once local taxes have lined their pockets no longer does the trick. Tough-minded executives like Paul Wolfowitz at the World Bank are exerting new pressure on corrupt governments, with no hesitation to freeze loans in the face of it.

Meanwhile, the bureaucracy that accompanies a lot of aid is just as staggering. The

CLOSING THE GAP

Its sales are in free fall, it has shut down 900 stores, and now heads are rolling. Can radical change save the chain?

BY JASON RIBET • More than a year ago, the marketing wizards at the Gap targeted 25-year-old Jessica Biel to shoot a commercial for them. They had aimed to remind the retailer's mindless-looking stores what they needed was a TV ad that could spark interest in the legion of shoppers who barely glance through the chain's window displays. Jaded, delivered. In the music spot, a customer indifferently knucks a pile of duds to the floor. Then another does the same. When a woman pushes over a mannequin, even employees look like they're rebelling. By the time the shot settles on a chateau-wielding hand-packer, the message is clear: big changes are in store at the Gap.

Well, sort of. In fact, shamed executives ousted the ad after seeing it in a few U.S. cities. Maybe because it promoted too much. The company has gone through one turn-around after another over the last few years, and the painful results have beaten both an elated and investors. So if the retailer's diehard fans are going to catch both hip hop teens and aging yuppies has proved a losing fit. But a few days before Christmas, shoppers at Toronto's Eaton Centre could find refuge from the crowds by slipping into the Gap's tiny store. It was small all over. Last March in its parent company, The Gap Inc., saw same-store sales fall eight per cent worldwide. Now there's speculation the entire town, including CEO Paul潘德, could be axed or that the whole company could be sold. But it's not clear even that will be enough to save the once-great chain from insolvency. As Mark Mennigan, a retail analyst with CL King & Associates in New York, says, "Our concern don't care about the Gap anymore."

What a come-down. In the 1990s, the Gap was an unstoppable retail juggernaut, an unassimilable force on North America's pop-culture landscape. The Gap changed the way we dressed ourselves. No need to fret over what to wear. Slip on a cotton shirt and khaki pants from the store and you'd look like your favorite character from *Frasier*. Except for *Friends*, of course. For good measure, the puissant company diversified its line up with Old Navy, for frugal shoppers, and Banana Republic, for those better off self, the Gap was theanguard. Its clothes weren't necessarily the most fashionable, but they became the da fa fa fashions of the decade.

Things unravelled for Gap-enclosed as the unending fragmentation of the retail market that underway. Banana chains like Alberto-Culver & Pitch arrived in on the teenagers, while the likes of JC Penney lured mommies into their stores. When a few years ago the Gap had served both demographics, now neither would be caught dead in a shop that caters to the other. "It's hard to sell down the Gap's target customer," says Mennigan. "It's everybody, and if you've got things to everybody, you're nobody." Meanwhile, the Gap's once-design—white walls, bleached hardwood floors—and its over-hype were in dire need of an update. Some stores have



THE GAP'S STRATEGY OF TRYING TO OUTFIT BOTH HIP-HOP TEENS AND AGING YUPPIES HAS BEEN A FLOP



A MISMASH OF STYLES, FROM MARY-KATE TO TAYLOR SWIFT, CONFUSE THE MESSAGE

been converted with darker wood, but retail analysts, and more importantly customers, have generally panned the new duds. While sales have risen at Jack's, the Gap has had to slash prices in order to clear its shelves.

At the turn of the millennium, the Gap peaked at almost 2,340 stores in the U.S. and Canada. In a bid to slash costs and refocus the brand, the Gap scaled back. By October, the figure had fallen to less than 1,360. Yet the Gap still seems oblivious to customer pricing problems, a lack of customer focus, fading byups marketing campaigns.潘德, who ran Disney's theme parks before he joined the Gap in 2002, has stuck with the retailer's reliance on celebrities to revive the brand. A hodgepodge of personalities have shilled for the chain recently, including rapper Bow Wow and Common, as part of the "Holiday to Your Hood" Christmas pitch. Kim Kardashian, 18 years after her debut, was pressed into service to sell the Gap's shiny black pants. The designer has been labelled slappers, especially middle-aged white guys who don't know how to dress themselves and yearn for the Gap's sunnier days.



The lack of focus is showing up in the company's results. The Gap's holiday Christmas season follows one through quarters of declining same-store sales, the measure used to gauge retail performance. The company has said earnings per share for the year will be between US\$1.00 and US\$1.05, compared to US\$1.15 last year.潘德 and the Gap's directors are reviewing their options, which many analysts presume means he will lose his job. Heads have already begun to roll. A number of executives jumped ship last year. There's also speculation a private equity buyer will swallow the chain and fold it up, much like Sunway Resort and the Hudson Bay Company are now privately owned. "Investors are valuing the company on one of three scenarios," says Aviari Daniel, an analyst with ING Investments in New York. "No one believes these guys can turn this thing around."

ANALYSTS SPECULATE THE ENTIRE EXECUTIVE TEAM COULD BE AXED



AUDREY HEPBURN, 18 years after she died, was pressed into service for the Gap

Retail has always been a field business. Take McDonald's and compare that folks keep up fly by the wayde. Eventually, even the hottest names in the business will be forced to change or die. If the Gap continues to avoid going the way of the McDonald's, another one whose sales that fell out of favour and sold off last year, the company will have to go further than its best willing to go. As far as price and style ranking celebs aren't the answer, say analysts. The Gap needs to completely rethink who its target customers are—regardless the 10- and 40-year-olds it has spent so much time and money alienating. As for Jessica, it still gets thousands of hits on the Internet, which means to prove one thing, people may not want to wear Gap clothes, but they'd love to see someone kick the crap out of those Idaho clad characters. ■

BIMMER MADNESS

BMW sales are going through the roof—it's the car of choice for the parvenu on the go

BY JASON RIBET • For the hungry young stockholder in Canada, no car says, "You're inside, now show it," quite like a shiny black BMW 5 series. With its 160 b.p. twin-turbo engine and dual discs, this car can bullet to power over the most supercharged egos. It's also driven the German automaker to new heights.

The numbers are in for Canadian sales: car sales last year with more than 70,000 units, up 10 per cent. Not bad for a niche brand from the company's popular Mini Cooper subsidiary, a 10-year-old model that posted record sales in 2005, up 15 per cent. (The 5-series, developed during mid-1990s, starts at \$49,995.) An Texas-based BMW in Vancouver, made 30 cars and made off the memo short course. In early January, a handful of thirty

THE COMPANY HAS BEEN ADEPT AT INTRODUCING NEW VEHICLES AND UPDATING EXISTING MODELS

new things headed a Vancouver storm to check out the car on offer. Jesel, whose selling skills move BMWs than any other in Canada, taunted the younger crowd: address to the car's reputation for high performance. "If you like to flag your car around the corner, you're going to buy a BMW," says Jesel. "But if you really hate driving and you just want a comfortable sofa ride, you'll get a Mercedes. Maybe even a Lexus."

Jesel can cross-mus, he'll never go into the next 10 years will offer a repeat performance for BMW. Analysts are watching closely in Lexus, now led by Toyota, step up its assault on the German automaker. At the current Detroit auto show, Lexus unveiled a new family of performance vehicles, starting with a \$60,000 IS-F. But for the bleeding, industry watchers say BMW has a tight grip on the young and record sales.

"BMW is well the world standard in executive cars," says Jeremy Cole an automotive analyst in Vancouver. "The other guys would like to have one, and they're trying, but BMW is the best." ■



NUD PUNISHMENT FOR LAW-BREAKING ENFORCER
Chris Sharpe, who's in charge of Victoria, Fla.'s environmental enforcement, decided to go public with his protected offenders who've been either-in-income. The wilderness officer like keeping such the vehicles tied him back. He called for help but each month who's been taking off his shirt, running up the information with Judge Marci, a Hammer and a tractor. A court has sentenced him to 28 months of community service.



GARDEN BENEFIT of outdoor school, a Danish study found, was fewer colds and more thriving.

Everybody in the vegetable patch!

No desks, no pencils: Welcome to the U.K.'s first outdoor preschool

BY CYNTHIA REYNOLDS • There aren't any gleaming or swing sets at the Secret Garden nursery school in Fife, Scotland. Nor are there bouncy castles packed with tiny tots everywhere. In fact, there is no nursery. When the school year starts in fall, Cerby Badie and her group of eight preschoolers, aged 2 to 5, put on their raincoats and boots and go for a walk. When the temperatures dip below zero, they bundle up and head for a walk in the woods, where one starts a fire, over which, like hobbits, they roast peanuts over sticks and取暖. And if it happened recently, a boy sensibly falls into the stream, such a lily, the next day the group goes back. "The parents wanted a more robust lifestyle for their kids," Badie says. "And the kids love it."

Badie runs the U.K.'s first outdoor-all-weather nursery school, and it might surprise parents how well the kids love it. The curriculum consists of study hikes (the children lead them), learning chickens and feeding lambs at a nearby family farm, and learning the basics of sign-and-gesturing. (Badie doesn't teach the usual preschool stuff.) They practice shapes by comparing leaves from different trees, such as oak and birch, and by picking up and identifying fungi. They learn colors by studying fall leaves at the feathers of birds.



SCHOOLYARD BRAWLING: IT'S TEACHER'S TURN

Johann Klaasnick, a 42-year-old preschool teacher in Bratislava, MF, was sent home from work last month after allegedly throwing a drink and picking a fight with a co-worker. Authorities forced him to harass his colleague by calling her on the phone all afternoon before returning to the school after classes let out, armed with a shotgun and banger tools. He was charged with aggravated harassment and trespassing.

day schooling. In 2002, the State Education and Environment Roundtable, a U.S. organization examining what it terms "inherent place-based education"—where the local culture is used to teach state essentials—put out a study of 10 schools in Oregon. It found that students exposed to outdoor learning had improved scores in social studies, science, language and math. In a public middle school in Portland, Ore., where teachers used local rivers, mountains and forests to teach lessons, 96 percent of students met or exceeded state standards for math performance, compared with 65 percent of grade eight at other schools. Student behavior also improved. A school in Minnesota reported that students in the outdoor program had 94 percent fewer suspensions than other ninth graders. Disciplinary referrals at another school dropped from 950 to 50 the year its outdoor program was launched.

Bolting research to place-based efforts now shows that learning in the community and collaborating with local governments and firms can also help small and mid-size cities retain their young people. "Helping them learn to engage in civil society," says David Sobel, a professor at Antioch University in Keene, N.H., and an expert in place-based education. "It makes them better citizens."

For those lucky enough to get it, that is. In Canada, there's little support for the idea, despite our bountiful natural resources. The Terrene District School Board mandates just two or one day visits to an outdoor education facility in the year between pre-kindergarten and Grade 8—and it's one of the fewest programs in the country. Mark Whiscombe, the program's coordinator, notes that private schools do not consider it as a priority. Upper Canada College students in Toronto can expect to teach outdoor duty in Grade 9. But even if local school boards wanted to do more, Whiscombe says that's getting difficult because, increasingly, the allocation of funds is standardized and controlled at the provincial level.

Such stringent restrictions to education reform is one reason Badie hopes to turn her nursery into a research facility. Every day she sees the positive effects of starting kids on a robust outdoor program. "There's so much freedom for children outdoors," she says. "It's up to us as adults to create the change."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY MAYER

Sinus relief at night. Sinus relief during the day. Have we overlooked anything?



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SIGNS OF HOPE: WEILER, WHO ISN'T IDENTIFYING ANY SYMPTOMS AT ALL IN WALKING, IS ONE OF 100 PEOPLE WITH THE DISEASE

CAN A FEW SIMPLE MOVES HEAL HER?

Unlike most others with Parkinson's, Shirley Weiler is improving

BY DAVIDO HAWKINS • Shirley Weiler is one of those sweet, unassuming, almost painfully shy types. She's lived in the same century-old half-timbered house in the village of St. Agatha, Ont., near Waterloo, for 45 years, and I never even met her in my neighbour's house." At 65, she's now retired from her last factory job in a pharmaceuticals plant. "It's always seemed me to work in a factory because you could get a machine, or do something, and be by yourself," Weiler says. "I've done kind of person, you know?" So when the first motor of signs of Parkinson's disease—a quivering right foot—arrived in 2004, Weiler didn't tell everyone right away (in fact, her sister, who lives in Europe, only found out that month). Nonetheless, the thought of publishing what she has in a national news magazine was horrifying. But there are some things special about Weiler, and the way she's challenging the disease that, eventually, will almost certainly rob her of her independence. Unlike the vast majority of the 100,000 Canadians who have the disease, Weiler is, for now, actually getting better.

What causes Parkinson's is a mystery, although genetics are obviously involved, as

are environmental factors. There is no cure, but there is a glimmer of hope for slowing the disease's ravaging motoric progressions, maybe even reversing some of its debilitating symptoms. The secret lies in exercise, but not just any kind (the wrong type may actually do more harm than good). Weiler is one of the lucky few, part of an expensive 12-week rehab program in which the paramedics perform exercises three times a week for about an hour each time.

Weiler is part of a brain-based exercise program that may produce a neurotrophin, or called dopamine, to control movement. With Parkinson's, these neurotrophins, or "neurotrophin-3," however, has decreased in certain neurons that stimulate the damaged area. By subjecting patients like Weiler to exercises, it is hoped that the body's own neurotrophins will be released, thus helping to repair the damage.

Almonds are involved in the rehab, too. Weiler's trial is based on that data: researchers think a nutty patient in further degeneration of the substantia nigra, and should dopamine production, says Quincy Adams, director of the National Institute of Neurological Disorders and Stroke's Movement Disorders Research & Rehabilitation Center in Bethesda, Md. Who knew?

Almonds' trials involve about 20 individuals, including Weiler, and are divided between two centers in Waterloo and a YMCA in Guelph, Ont., just west of Toronto. The hope is to roll out a proven program in YMCA across Canada after the trial is completed. But it's not as though there hasn't been previous efforts. In 2003, Parkinson Society Canada published recommended exercises, but they lack the proof of efficacy Almonds hopes to establish, says Joyce Gordon, the group's CEO. "We have someone look at providing guidelines, same standards that have some science behind them that actually show that they work, would be a huge step forward," Gordon says.

When Almonds first approached Weiler to take part in a series of exercises with Michael, she immediately looked at being the focus of

attention. Then her son convinced her she had to do it. "They saw the big change in me," says Weiler, a avid gardener and knitter who's generally been active all her life. "And so, if this [trial] is going to help people with Parkinson's, I had to do it." She's silent about one thing, though, knowing as she does that the data are only beginning to add up. "I don't want anybody saying 'miracle' or 'miraculous,' but it's helped me," Weiler says of the program. "It's just been amazing."

Early one morning, Shaw Johnston, 21, a dance major, arrives to his first year of studies in kinesiology, part Weiler and other patients through their regimen at the rehab centre, located in an old elementary school. "Old Town" that had gone? Johnston says, "Love it! Love it!" There are four men and seven women in her class, and all look to be around 60s. Each is struggling with Parkinson's symptoms of varying degrees of severity, including tremors, balance issues, a shorter than normal gait, stiffness in the limb and trunk and general difficulty in moving.

Weiler's known all along that she's made progress. When she started, she was slow and stiff in the mornings. The busman states that she used to bound down effortlessly ("I was always the kind of person who would run down the steps, putting on a seat, you know? Like, bang, bang, bang, right?") were now a challenge, requiring that she steady herself with a hand against the wall. She often shuffles. Three months later, she's back at dinner normal, and goes down the stairs like a teenager ("I can do all this stuff I got rid of the actuation in my right leg").

In the hard earth near from Weiler's toes, dusted macadamia nuts, in the United Parks Disease Rating Scale, considered the gold standard for managing the disease, the researcher tests several parameters, including hand movement, posture and balance, and rates each instance of zero to four. The lower the total score, the better. At the start of the program, Weiler rated just 13.5—not high, but not insignificant either. After the

program, in which Almonds considers "possibly the most important metric," she was down to 7.5, equivalent to what many writers of without Parkinson's score. "Of course, this has to be taken with a grain of salt," Almonds says. "Hopefully she represents the trend for all participants in the study."

Weiler's stride length, as measured by an electronic pad with thousands of sensors, had also improved, increasing by up to 10 centimetres. And in a third test, in which she had to insert 25 pins into a grooved board, then remove them off, Weiler's time decreased by as much as 14 seconds. Taken as a whole, Weiler's results are "extremely encouraging," Almonds says. "Many of our staff couldn't identify any symptoms of Parkinson's disease at all [in her]. A lot of concern will be seriously awaiting the final results of this study." The others in the class also seem to have improved, too, Weiler says, based on just looking at them. But because of privacy concerns, how they actually fared will have to wait until Almonds' anonymous results are published in a scientific journal.

Almonds is only about 10 days into therapy, but he may be on the right track. He's currently making a convert of Weiler. "My wife, land of, has taken a兜 with Parkinson's, you know," Weiler says. "And now that can come home [to the centre], I feel like Dr. Michael has put me on the right road again." ■

THE KEY TO THE TRIAL PROGRAM IS EXERCISE, BUT NOT JUST ANY KIND. THE WRONG TYPE MAY DO HARM.

Weiler is the least effected of the bunch. She remains spacy by any measure, but only obvious symptoms: a slight quiver in her right foot, and a shaking right hand that worsens when she's nervous, which is often. With exercises aimed on the edge of their chair, Johnson has the patients cross their legs, with an ankle resting on the knee. She in turns them in pairs down on their legs with an elbow. "Get it as close to horizontal as possible," she says, smiling encouragement.

For strength, Weiler gets a pair of elastic resistance bands tied to the legs of her chair, and raises her arms parallel to the floor. On the portable CD player, Mardi, and the Van, define led out the Motown hit Dancing in the Street. After holding the position for several seconds, she lowers her arms, then repeats the move. She shakes out her shoulders before moving on to a set of keep ears with the same bands. When distinguishing the works out, the researcher monitoring of patient progress. Prior to starting classes, each participant was

PHOTOGRAPH BY YOSHIO KATO

PASS THE CHEESE, PLEASE

Women trying to lose weight often aren't able to fully deny products. In a study of more than 10,000 middle-aged women, Swedish researchers found that those who ate at least one daily serving of white milk or cheese were less likely to gain weight in the long term than those who didn't. While other research indicates that some dairy products regulate body fat, even the authors of this study are puzzled by the results.

TONICS



A LONG STRANGE TRIP

An abduction charge, estranged family and a man of mystery—Myriam Bédard's fall from grace

**BY JONATHON GATEHOUSE,
COLIN CAMPBELL AND CATHY GULLI**

AS THE SMALL PLANE struggled down through the twilight towards the runway at Quebec City's Jean Lesage airport, it must have been somewhere in the back of Myriam Bédard's mind. That other winter, after moon—almost 15 years ago—when a sponsor's private jet whisked her to a very different homecoming. In 1996, it was a large, cheering crowd that greeted the double-gold medallist, Canada's Queen of the Little Hammer Games. A month later brought her to a grand civic reception in her hometown, the nearby suburbs of L'Assomption, where streets溢流ed with banners and home-made signs of congratulations.

Little did she know the bumpf belted in the Bédard, and it was descriptive from the very first date du Québec who would wait for her on the tarmac, the grey sedan dressed out for the local television centre—but not before an obliging, downswivelling nod through an armful of press. A fuel-belt "jeep-wip" thus provided a very different picture of the then-time Olympic heroine in the hoodie-pole and visibly fatigued after 14 days in a U.S. jet, having borne no fine charge of lauding up her 12-year-old daughter.

But Bédard's interest on Dec. 12—the birthday she shares with Mataafa, her only child in a residence model in the sprawling continental boudoir between Washington and

Bilbao, was just the twin cup in her long, ongoing disaster from the top of the podium. Divorced, estranged from her friends, stodgy with her former sponsor and employer, the one-time golden girl seems lost. The boxer's apostle to her family in nearly four years (At Québec's Palais du Jeux), the courageous but bare minimum, Béatrice Bédard, her mother, tried to confront her as she was released on bail, then surprised his son for a high-speed pursuit of her racing SUV. (There have been failed businesses, multiple court battles with creditors, and her bizarre, unannounced but apologetically communiqué proclamations of a sporting scandal. She and her now-localized, the arias Nana-Matata, allege that they are victims of "hostile media" intent upon any forces plotting their downfall—even their daughter.) As if all that were blowing. And both are facing charges—in part in connection with the alleged disappearance of too much worth of another person's wad, the

of abduction or violation of a custody order—that resulted in three substantial juries of convicts. One of Québec's sweethearts, Myriam Bédard is now the grown-up's 36. A cent only—proof that when champions stumble, they have a lot further to fall.

MYRIAM BÉDARD WON the race of her life on a pair of sunburnt skin. In the confusion before the start of the 7.5 km biathlon in Lillehammer, she grabbed one from her spinteam, and another from the pair that had carried her to her first gold a week earlier in the 15 km race. The two jobs were different—the left didn't seem to grip much, she said later—but didn't matter. Bédard was simply too blindingly brilliant to leave. Herecomefrom-fifth-place victory march to one of Canada's greatest-ever Olympic performances.

It was her silver-medal face that always set her apart. An five-foot three, and just

110 lbs., Bédard wasn't physically impressive—"tell the kids, I'm not some giant Amazon," she instructed reporters after her gold—but her record though was unquestioned. "I think she had the ultimate self-discipline," says Kay Kokkonen, a young-time Biathlon Canada executive, and now the chairman of its board. He recalls a Canadian championship held in Whitehorse, where the weather dropped to 40° F. Everyone else had added layers, says Kokkonen, but she was there alone, wearing shorts to protect herself from frostbite, standard summer gear in the zone.

In Norway, Bédard took her solitary rays no newsletter, virtually requesting her silence during the duration of the Games. She'd downtime in her room, sit alone by herself, and dutifully admit that all her hard work would be undermined by a social life. The refined include hands with other athletes. Two years before, in Albertville, France,

Bédard had become the first Canadian to ever medal in the sport, grabbing a bronze in the 15 km race. Coming off a 1993 World Cup season where she finished second overall, she was one of the favourites at Norway. A self-described "perfectionist surrounded by people who aren't"—she felt she had little support from the Canadian sports establishment. She had fought bitterly with like-minded Canadians. Even in her unpreparedness in Albertville, she had told in jesters of her techniques that some technicians had used as "sabotage." Her Bédard, who always had an unlikely friend near her side, discovered two Canadian radio stations had given her the day before the race. They stood the knowledge that no country is a bung, but she tried out the stars and claimed they were "the lowest on the team." When she won twice in Lillehammer, the conventional wisdom was that she succeeded in spite of the Canadian Olympic "family," not because of it.

And through it all, her real parents and sibling were by her side. In Lillehammer, Pierre, Françoise, and brother Bertrand, at the finish line, wearing T-shirts bearing her likeness. (Although Myriam forbade them to wear them to the ceremony, worrying the tattered ones detracted.) In Albertville, the Bédards had been even more the heartwarming picture-of-togetherness. "It's nothing mother three years ago is still saving some-

thing from her bankrolling money to go to the Olympics," Myriam said at the time. "She every week she put \$10 or \$20 aside." It cost them \$1,000 they could ill afford, but everyone agreed it was worth it. Afterwards, the family raised funds because Myriam wanted her parents to sit in their seats. "My mom always has surprises for us," Pierre said. In the months following her Lillehammer victories, Myriam Bédard became one of Canada's most celebrated figures. She appeared on the covers of *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *People* and at the head of Maclean's Honour Roll. Spain fans flocked to her to thank her for winning the games. She even had her own *Wheatus* box. In Quebec, the newspapers and radio market tabloids were filled with glowing reports of her dream amateur that April to long-time boyfriend and fellow biathlete Jean-Pascal. That the pair wed in winter, dressed in Hawaiian clothes on the beach

soon had made her greedy. The insurance firm claimed Bédard and her new agent, Jean Marc St. Pierre—MacLennan's former advertising director—earned down \$100,000 a year, exceeding half a million earned, close to five times her pre-Lillehammer salary. St. Pierre said it was all a misunderstanding that was the price for an exclusive arrangement, but MetLife could still buy in for £100,000—but the bridge was burned. Little wonder, since other sponsors, including Via Rail, rushed to fill the gap.

Bédard also developed serious health problems after MacLennan's heart—hypertension, chronic fatigue, food allergies—which impeded her return to competition. Fifteenth place in a World Cup race was now considered cause for optimism. She left her coach and took charge of her own training. There was little improvement. By the 1998 Games in Nagano, Japan, Bédard was once again a radial threat. She finished 50th in the 15 km, and 53rd in the 7.5 km sprint.

Bédard need her final blurb last in 1998, on the biathlon town course, where she got her star, finishing well back in the pack. But as with many high-performance athletes, the idea of retirement didn't sit well. She harboured dreams of future Olympia and thought between herself, her training, her racing, and, and then speed skating. Bédard would later say that she was looking for something to help get her through the lessons of her failing oiling marriage to Paget, but she never found it. The other sports were off, and the commercial layer. To this day, Bédard harbours a grudge against Catriona Le May Doan, accusing her fellow double Olympic champion of refusing to tell her a year of disease.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT Nana Matata that suggests hidden depths. He speaks quietly, forming you to edge closer, and long looks like eyes locked on yours. The smile soft, the manner gentle. And despite his appearance, clean and holding with a Born the Clown fringe, and bitter Andre's sharp gobble, he is the angle proof that women find the male gaze quite charming.

Starting in 1993, Matson, an unknown artist, composed ten prominent Quebec



Jean-Pascal begged her to bring Claude home

women's swimming champion Chantal Therrien, Supreme Court justice Claire L'Heureux-Dubé, and former Christian Desrosiers, daughter of the former prime minister and wife of Power Corp. president André Desrochers, to have them take these photographs for a book project. The result, *Les Amoureuses pour cause de force*, accepts as true Quebec's best-known myth about its history, or at least, doesn't really change the course of Murray Beasley's life. The former Olympic swimmer is the 87th person, perhaps learning against her will, to model over her dead body, winning a lesson and blood, toward her rule. Her breasts are filled with children's books. At the bottom of the page she has scribbled a note; her'd done with girlish bubble handwriting: "Copier tout dans le corps sans!" ("A la fois spirale et bodybuild")¹. A couple of dozen pages away there is a picture of Ghislain Cormier, the last Quebec painter with whom Matisse wanted to share a studio, and of whose words he is now charged with stealing.

'HE HAS CONTROL OVER HER,' BÉDARD'S SISTER SAYS, AND PART OF HIS BRAINWASHING IS TO MAKE HER EAT TABOULEH

Marshall, who came to Canada as a refugee from Iran in 1981, is also a man of mystery. The preface to *Let Afghanistan Decide* provides the official biographical sketch. Marshall was an artist and staunch democrat during his years in Tehran, it says, and a fierce opponent of the Shah's dictatorship. Striking at 66, the young activist was unengaged and tortured multiple times by the state, and finally fled Iran when he was threatened with execution by the new regime of the Ayatollah Khomeini. He arrived in Montreal with no passport or visa, his only knowledge of Canada gleaned from a biography of Dr. Norman Bethune. Marshall won't say much more than that in interviews, and the federal government has gone to great lengths to shield him from his refugee status.

Bodur's estranged family, however, have described him as someone given to grandiose boasting. Muthanna claims to have made a fortune in Iraq, through a factory he owns that manufactures counterfeit Mercedes car parts, says Fuad Baidar. He also says he became a constituency of Pablo Picasso after buying Tehran's first Ferrari. And most fabulously, Myrram has reportedly paid friends like Myra, "the Queen of the Desert," 25 million

"money in advance," but that the FBI and CMP would not hear warnings. Whatever his background, Matchari quickly found a new role as Newman's companion. They moved in together, and started a marketing company. In March, after months of hooking up, he says that Matchari's family was unhappy with the arrangement and would be an embarrassment. They finally grew to despise her new spouse, most especially her mother, and two sisters. The breaking point came in late 2003.

"I told reporters, 'It's been an uphill battle. We didn't do anything for her.' Part of Maclennan's 'reinvention' strategy in forcing her staff to eat catfish, she charged.

The failed restaurateur has also left a trail of unhappy employees and clients. One Quebec paper estimated the business had as many as 70 mid-overnight meals, taking the high number to dispute over money. A local heating oil company sued Maclennan and Moshé for unpaid bills, eventually obtaining a court order to seize an answer from her bank accounts. Maclennan attempted to call Jean Chretien as a character witness during the trial, but the former prime minister didn't show. Another Quebec court said the pair for real estate and investment revelations should wait until early 2004 to start legal proceedings. The legal仗es have been followed since the pair returned to Montréal. Not least, a chip-on-a-breakfast at a 2002 McDonald's ML-3000 BUD will go on trial. The dossier claims that the couple still owe \$26,446 in payment, penalties and interest. Maclennan and Moshé contend that

HAPPY TIMES: Bidder with Heads, and
Frogs. Things began to stink soon after.

He Moshier about visiting the still angry space when the cult closed. He gave her an autographed copy of his book. "She was really friendly, but he was kind of weird. When I saw the two of them together, it never made any sense."

FOR MOST CANADIANS, Alymane Madan's travel禁令 from her home was renewed late on the afternoon of March 24, 2013. That's when the former Olympic skeet shooter appeared before a parliamentary committee probing the sponsorship award and blow off her leg. She began her testimony by introducing Madan to the committee chair, creating irony with indifference. Ian Clermont's decision to keep Canada out of Iraq "Ladies and gentlemen, Canada didn't give in to the war because Neil MacIvor gave the Prime Minister a little advice."

Although the members of the committee were too infatuated with their oil-and-gas "whale blower" to sue it (Diane Ableskey claimed Béland "is world class straight-shootin'"), things just got wetter. Instead, who worked in Van Raaij's Montreal marketing department for a little more than a year, claimed that she was personally fired from her job early 2002 by chairman Jim Peltier, for asking too many questions about contractual rentals through Grapetown, one of the central players in the scandal. Then, with harassment presented by parliamentary privilege, she dropped a couple of haymakers. Jacques Villeneuve was paid US\$13,000 and had to wear the word "Casual" on his racing suit, she said, representing the information to St. Pierre by the former agent. And Grapetown, via president Marc LeFrançais allegedly told her, was involved in drug trafficking. Of course, by the time Béland terminated, both Peltier and LeFrançais had been fired, in large part because they had the temerity to publicly opine on the Olympique's strategy when she wore to the press with details of her sensitive inquiries.

None of Ireland's allegations were proven and no evidence surfaced to suggest any truth to them. Villeneuve's business partner Craig

Pollack called the report: "absolutely the greatest kind of bullshit." Federal documents showed that the extent of the secret payments with the sponsorship program was at \$4,500 payment: in 1997 Jim Broad, the high-level head of Geoposition, denied any involvement in the drug trade. "The starting accusation sounds like bullsh*t," he said.



DA 80 with Nima Hossaini (seated), John Cooper (above).

problems with the car's sound system and other technical difficulties, that were never adequately repaired, caused them "a lot of severe health and financial problems.")

Stanislaw, the Olympic champion and her wife are still the talk of the neighborhood, it wasn't high-class. The sofa was a fauteuil clear and all the chairs were mismatched, they didn't seem to put much of an effort into it," says Michel Andrews, who co-owns nearby art gallery Louise Thériault. His wife, on the other hand, was always dressed to the nines, she had a taste for fashion and elegance. She adored haute couture and haute horlogerie. She collected



"Fraud." Bedard was "certain in group pressure" and "had Binders on," he said. The report concluded that there was ample evidence that Bedard was not happy with his job and openly told co-workers that she planned to start her own company.

OPEN LETTERS, addressed to Kell Ambrun, Alphonse Alphonse of Moragne, and "all inhabitants of earth" don't usually hold much appeal for news editors. But this again, they aren't seriously engaged by an Olympic champion. This past October, Soledad and Mathieu announced their intention to quit Canada, seemingly for good, in one public statement the first, seen Sept. 15, and addressed to Stephen Harper and Jean Charest, pleaded for government intervention because, "incomes are running Canada and the RCMP are lapsing." Since then, the machinery of political salvation has been used to temor to end such a break through various ministerial methods, sometimes direct, in letters of the Saint-Denis du Quesne, as in public the status of certain trades.

**HER SPONSOR DROPPED HER
IN A PUBLIC AND HUMILIATING
WAY, SAYING THE OLYMPIC
WIN HAD MADE HER GREEDY**

from Vito, the gulf, and that Belletier had no hand in his departure. Belletier had, however, arranged situations to move Vito to La Mache, the company he shared with Maschio. After his departure, LaMache received an invoice for \$30,000, a mystery payment. After negotiations, the sum was reduced to \$10,000, and the material used on the French language website in the English version never made it to marketplace because "it would make a terrible foreigner language." And his report also said an unfamiliar signature of the ex-employee, LeFevre, and that, relations between Belletier and his son were seen

and Mathan refused to appear to be present at the then-disengaged against him in June 2004. They say the accusations are trumped up, and made in retribution for her whale blowing. And the police investigation could further split within her family. Peter Petrelli had told police that he wanted to go to his place in his house in 1000, around the time the Camerons' works were alleged to have disappeared, at the request of his daughter. Mathan's response was scathing: "He can't even remember what he had for dinner last night."

'WE'RE HEADING TOWARD SOCIALISM, AND NOTHING AND NO ONE CAN PREVENT IT'—VENEZUELAN PRESIDENT HUGO CHÁVEZ, ANNOUNCING PLANS TO NATIONALIZE THE COUNTRY'S UTILITIES

ANGELINA JOLIE
WAL-MART GETS A
CELEBRITY GRETTER

Last week, a Miami gallery unveiled-themed art that's a portrait featuring Angelina Jolie in a Virgin Mary-like pose. The actress depicts Jesus floating on a bed of clouds, aglow in sun light and cradling her daughter Shiloh. Her other children, Maddox and Zahara, make winged and uppropulsive characters, clinging to her legs. Underneath them is a depiction of a Wal-Mart check-out aisle (overweight American shoppers included). The painting, on sale for US\$10,000, may soon be dated: Jolie and Brad Pitt are thinking of adding it to their family. But the holiday certainly won't be from Malibu. Jolie is quoted as telling *Entertainment Weekly*: "I was at a studio in LA taking a nappe at Madonna's, who brought home a boy from Malibu last year. I'll be performing on the right side of the law. I would never bring back a child from a country where adoption is illegal."

CAREY PRICE
THE PRICE WAS EIGHT
FOR TEAM CANADA

When Carey Price, of tiny Andrea Lake, B.C., first started playing hockey, the most expensive was in Williams Lake, B.C., a 60-km roundtrip. So he had Jerry bring a 10,000-plane to cut down the travel time. It paid off. The Montreal Canadiens' team bound for the 2010 Winter Olympics allowed only seven goal-scorers—the World Junior Hockey Championship in Sweden, finishing up last week with a startling 96 per cent win percentage. "The guy that was our most important player the whole tournament came through for us," says head coach Craig Hartsburg. "Our 19-year-old led Canada to a gold medal—the country's third straight under an 18-and-under age limit." Price was selected the tournament M.V.P., as well as the tournament's top goalie. In the second period of the championship, with his dad fighting off a power play and a surging Norway pushing our Canuckies to 4-2, Price stoned one of the surging forwards with aucky save—using Russia's three-men

ROBERT HARDIKLI
A DIAMOND-STUDDED
PLATINUM PARACHUTE

After six years as CEO, Robert Hardikli abruptly resigned last week. Unlike other aging baby boomers, this 58-year-old won't have to worry about scaling down another enterprise. Even his assessment judge from the home-improvement giant tipped out at US\$620 million—US\$96,000 for every day in the job. That's on top of the US\$130 million earned in salary and bonuses. No bad considering that Home Depot's share price dropped nearly half a year earlier during his tenure. Sales and profits have also dropped and Home Depot has since created competition and is under investigation for how its stock options were awarded. Shareholders' anger and the board had been holding since last year's annual meeting—Hardikli was the only board member to make an appearance, but he refused to answer questions. Once Hardikli left the boardroom, the stock price rose.

ASHA-ROSE MIGIRO
A JOB WITH A
LOT OF PRESSURE

Tanzanian Foreign Minister Asha-Rose Migiro has been named the United Nations' new deputy secretary general by the organization's newly-appointed leader, Ban Ki-moon. The announcement came amid intense pressure to include more black African and women to UN positions. Then called Migiro, who previously served as Tanzania's minister for community development, gender and child affairs from 2000 to 2005, "a highly respected leader who has championed the cause of developing countries over three years." In addition to socio-economic and developmental issues, Migiro will face the challenge of managing the administration of the UN, which has come under fire in recent years for numerous sexual and corruption scandals. She will be the second woman to hold the role—the first was Monique Barbuti Froehlich, who stepped down last spring after eight years on the job.

EHUD BARAK
A FAMILIAR FACE
JOINS THE RACE

Ehud Barak, who built Israel's record for the shortest time as prime minister (13 months), as measured by the time required for the leadership of the center-left Labor party. Meir Shafrazi, who was serving as interim leader, said he would step aside to make room for Barak, who served in the military's chief of staff until 1995 and was one of Israel's most decorated soldiers. Barak emphasized the shaky state of the Israel Defense Forces following the summer war in Lebanon. It's a bit of a gamble, since most believe Barak for that war, believing he has no political clout in the 100-plus southern Lebanon created Israel's traditional pattern of dependence. Then there's his other inheritance legacy: his socialist ideals started while he was in charge. But Barak has done nothing Labor's senior ranks, and rather than all he must do for the future, Barak is first aiming to replace embattled Labor Leader Amir Peretz, who also defeated mainstay Ehud Olmert's coalition-government.

"I made many mistakes," he says. "Today I know that there are no shortcuts." 

HUGO CHÁVEZ
FOLLOWING IN FIDEL'S
FOOTSTEPS

Venezuelan President Hugo Chávez announced plans to nationalize the country's electrical and telecommunications companies this week, echoing memories of Fidel Castro's Cuban revolution. The 58-year-old, who was last month elected with nearly 63 per cent of the vote after promising to create a more socialist state, made the announcement after meeting with his third term cabinet (he aforementioned guarantee him the presidency until 2013). Chávez also spoke about eliminating the autonomy of the central bank, and he plans to ask the National Assembly to give him powers to legislate by presidential decree. He didn't know what he would be dancing involved, claiming, "It was suddenly forced with a dance." He says he left when the dancing started, and the salsa was turned up to give the impression he stayed for the entire ceremony. Just to be careful, Karen Mirando has begun an advance program next time.

ESFANDIAR RAHIM-
MASHAKI
CAUGHT WITH
HER VELVET DOWN

Iranian Vice-President Esfandiar Rahim-Mashaei took some heat after video surfaced that showed him as a ceremony in Istanbul watching and applauding women dancing without veils—despite no such laws in Iran's Islamic law. He dismissed the video, which was posted on an Iranian news website, as a "rare exception" brought against his hypothesis. An editor at a magazine in the news agency that made the video public has thrown in jail for at least two days. In his own defense, Rahim-Mashaei, who is also head of cultural heritage, said that the event was an official cultural ceremony and that he didn't know what he would be dancing involved, claiming, "It was suddenly forced with a dance." He says he left when the dancing started, and the salsa was turned up to give the impression he stayed for the entire ceremony. Just to be careful, Karen Mirando has begun an advance program next time.

**ARCHBISHOP
STANISLAW WIELGUS**
COMMUNIST PART
HAIRBITS CLERIC

Minutes before what was to be his last appearance mass, the archbishop of Warsaw tearfully read aloud his resignation letter to Pope Benedict XVI. After initially denying links to Poland's former Communist secret service, Stanislaw Wielgus admitted that he'd been a collaborator. A church historian estimation found evidence that Wielgus had co-operated in 1976 during his stint in Poland's secret police exchange for permission to leave Poland to study in West Germany, though Wielgus denied ever spying on anyone. His professor, Josef Cardinal Glemp, whom he reportedly took over the post until the Vatican can find a new candidate—after a much tougher vetting, no doubt.



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THE BACK PAGES

film
Oscar-worthies
O'Toole
RAY

books
Good novel,
very bad film
FIRE

stage
How to fix the
Oscars
PARK

bazaar
Taking the gear
out of carts
PARK

taste
Top 10 wines
in Canada
PARK

help
The jealous
spouse
PARK



PHOTO: JEFFREY D. STONE/ABC

When Stewart took over the show from previous host Craig Kilborn in 1999, it had become stale after only three years in existence. It mainly consisted of tame panels where comedians asked foolish questions and droned people into giving ignorant answers. People were starting to get tired of that kind of humor, they didn't know that Sacha Baron "Boris" Cohen would come along seven years later and make a whole重新版 of it. Stewart and Kilborn retooled the show to be more political, focusing the comedy not on regular people but on those who deserved to be mocked: politicians and political important

JON STEWART with (left to right)
Steve Carell, Samantha Bee, Ed Helms,
Rob Corddry and others

In *The Daily Show* running out of steam? Two years ago, the "fake news" comedy show was the hottest thing on television (admittedly not a huge commercial success). But last month, *Desert A U Club* comic Natasha Lyonne wrote that the mystery, wonder and freshness are gone. "With the departure of executive producer Ben Karlin—who has been working on the show ever since Jon Stewart became its host—it may be time for Jon Stewart to leave his show," she may be right. "How much mileage is left in trite jokes about political news?"

Karlin has given a bit of cryptic about why he left, in which he said nothing about his decision, but did say that the comedy business had drained him of the ability to find new things funny. "You definitely get more critical about comedy. The laugh impulse has been destroyed." The former writer for the main branch of *The Onion*, where Stewart brought on board to give *The Daily Show* a similarly absurd take on world events, is trying to find whether calls "a new way of engaging the audience." Meanwhile, the new show runner is former writer David Javerbaum, who was about to leave the show before Karlin announced his departure.

Another sometimes pricing overshadowed by the program that follows is *The Daily Show's* own payoff. *The Colbert Report*, which Stewart and Karlin helped create but don't run day-to-day. Whereas in 2004 Stewart became controversial news for telling off the hosts of CNN's *Crossfire*, in 2006 all the publicity and attention went to Samantha Bee for her memorable speech at the White House Correspondents' Dinner, where instead of selling off a couple of hours, he told all the President of the United States. On the last night of the 2006 season, it became apparent which of the two shows was willing to take chances and which one was in a rut. While *The Daily Show* did a fun but conserva-

tive r&b starting to seem that even that particular source of comedy isn't without its limitations. The jokes in each episode of *The Daily Show* now follow a rigid pattern: either they show a clip of a politician saying something stupid, followed by a cut to Stewart's shocked/beamed expression, or Stewart has to deal with a fake news "correspondent" who doesn't quite understand what is going on in the world. The show can be funny, but at the same time, it can be predictable—just as Kilborn's version became predictable.

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Action thinking isn't comfortable declare the wafflers key reporters, and *The Daily Show* has lost other people besides Karlin. Most of the cast members from the 2004 season, when the U.S. presidential election helped the show expand its influence and audience, are no longer there. Steve Carell, the most popular cast member after Colleen, moved on to movie and TV stardom. Ed Helms (who joined the show in 2002)

The comedy everyone used to talk about just isn't as fresh or funny as it used to be

BY JAIME J. WEINMAN

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO 'THE DAILY SHOW'?

about a year ago, *The Colbert Report* departed from its regular format to do a reality-bending special highlighting the self-absorption of Colbert's character (and, by extension, the TV personality he's parodying). Stewart's guest that night was then-faltering, plug-a-hole, Colbert pal Peter Travers, Henry Kissinger and the incoming governor of New York.

"There couldn't have been a clearer indication of which show had the momentum," *Wall Street Journal* could be heard to the point of incomprehensibility, it was at least surprising. Meanwhile, *The Daily Show* had turned into something fixed as its mostly steady audience, which was itself impressionable ("He's bald") in eagerly anticipated and mostly predictable *Venez a White* writing the letters on *Wheel of Fortune*.

And Canadian Sacha Baron Cohen (2001) will make appearances, but most of the others are as distant as a memory in Craig Kilborn.

That left what the *New York Times* recently called "an unexpected talent vacuum." So far, Stewart has hardly any regular cast members to play off of, and had to devote much of the show to his nearly reports on the day's headlines—with occasional wacky graphic effects. After a recent segment with queuing doors running across the bottom of the screen, Stewart exclaimed: "We've completely given up." And for a moment, it was hard to tell whether he was joking.

To fill the gaps, the show added a few new regulars, plus a number of comedians who contribute occasional segments, like Andy PC, purchased John Hodgman. But the staff

written seem to be having fun by adapting the comedy to fit the new performers' styles, especially the way they enter the set in 30 seconds.

One of the secret of *The Daily Show's* success is that, in an age when stand-up comedy rules the roost, it has revived the style of the old-fashioned comedy team. What constitutes



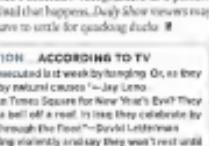
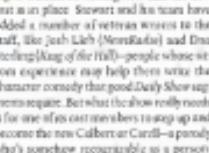
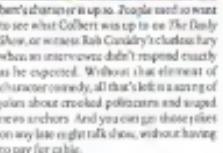
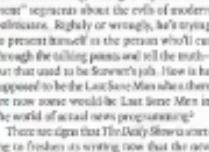
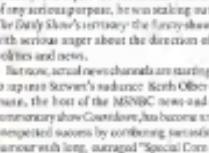
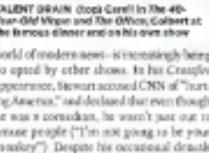
NOW ACTUAL NEWS CHANNELS ARE DOING WHAT STEWART DOES

Jon Stewart as the straight man, lending an up-to-date added dimensionality. But for a comedy team to be effective, the funny partner has to have a clearly defined comic personality. Colbert became the embodiment of the straight, condescending snobishness with usually callous self-confidence—a character he has carried over in *The Colbert Report*—while Carril created a sense of firmly concealed hostility to Stewart.

Many of the new cast members haven't created strong characters. But John Oliver, *The Daily Show's* first British correspondent, has had some success parodying the familiar cable-news style of the condescending English reporter. But Dan Balowich, who replaced Colbert, has elected to play a shifty, sneaky character who isn't recognizable as a parody of any kind of real TV news figure. And Ruth Bregle, the most recent addition to the cast, is such a non-specific character that most news outlets on her focus is what she did in and like Jim's former *Murder, Inc.* rather than what she does on the show.

In the aftermath, both Stewart and Karlan arrived. The *Daily Show* offers a mix tied to a bunch of generic parades of the typical chutzpah reporter. Stewart and Jeavons are still there, but some of that parodic feeling is coming back. The *Best Daily Show* has avoided being standardized news spouts—a cable version of “Weekend Update” on Saturday Night Live—by adding an extra layer of paroxysm under the parody. Carril’s “Patriotic Pete” was both a source of good adviser programming and a funny jive of character comedy, where the TV personality played by Carril seemed unashamedly disgusted with the necessity to look upbeat all the time. Even on a fake news show, character was important.

And it's that characterization that has allowed *The Colbert Report* to surpass its parent in terms of influence and consciousness are value. Because Colbert is playing someone with recognizably quirky and even a bad-story (the loops referring to his fear of bears and his failed career as a novelist), has shown in almost as much a mainstream comedy as a parody; people turn to him not only to hear jokes about the day's news, but to see what Col-



SADDAM'S EXECUTION ACCORDING TO TV

“Saddam Hussein was executed at 12:03 yesterday morning. Or, to be more exact, that is to say, death by lethal injection.” They celebrate by dragging a belt off it, “re-living their celebration by dropping the dictator through The Post.” David Letterman: “Mobs are here protesting violently and saying they won’t rest until authorities are hung from”—John Krasinski.



O'TOOLE AND WHITTAKER in *Venus*. The relationship, big surr, is ridiculous and tender, is quite unlike anything we've seen elsewhere

The last taboo: geriatric romance

With his Oscar-worthy turn in ‘Venus,’ Peter O’Toole leads a new wave of lovesick seniors

BY ERICIAN D. JOHNSON

In a movie industry beset with youth, the notion of anyone over 60 falling in love, or expressing love, is usually played for laughs. You just look ridiculous blundering into a naked Diane Venier in *Sweating It Out*.

Now, along for the most part-as-a-gag, good-natured comedy *Mirrors* (O’Toole) and *Love* (Leanne Phillips) are a pair of veteran romances whose glory days are behind them. They play bit parts in soap operas, in dying relatives and couples. Over one headcount, these grumpy old men don’t carry up loads of precipitously plucked love stories; instead, they’re the ones who’re still making love stories or more grotesque, than singing flesh. Lastly, however, we’re given some hints that dare to stir the older romance seriously.

Sarah Polley’s *Away From Her*—which has Sundance buzz week after a smugger-than-smugger at the Toronto festival—stars Julie Christie, 64, and Gordon Pinsent, 66, as a married couple estranged by Alzheimer’s. It’s one of the most touching love stories in years. In *Nostalgia* (Sondra, Judi Dench, 73, plays a canting crooner who mentors Care Blanchet in a wretched school). And now in *Venus*, Peter O’Toole, 74, plays the grown-up’s unlikeliest romantic lead: a geriatric bicameral with a warmth more than half a century his junior.

It’s a dogged premise, and it could so easily carlize us something unsavory: the sentimental redemption of a forty-something. But O’Toole, skiving a delicate line between wit and pathos, embraces his status of romantic mirth with irreducible charm. An elegant portrait of an actor-as-an-old man, this is the kind of performance that is tailor-made for the Academy. O’Toole has won Oscar nominations, the most any actor his received without winning. Last year the legatees of Lawrence of Arabia returned on honorary Oscar with some changes, elevating him to

“old and age means the soul,” and all the more electric because of it.

But there’s more than a generation gap at work. As the role of a Shakespearean actor launching poetry on a uneducated working-class girl, Meryl Streep is a hyperbolic coming-of-age story. And as the portrait of a teenage nurse Peter Pan, it’s a coming-of-old-age story. Screenwriter Harold Bloom and director Roger Michell (*Notting Hill*) have played with this chemistry of age and class before—in *The Mother* (2003), starring David Craig as a contractor who comes in older women—but the rough of it is in the casting.

The movie throwshome two actors at opposite ends of their careers: O’Toole, puffing off one last great performance, and Whittaker, making a bold screen debut fresh out of drama school. He plays the incontinent Romeo (not happy to act the fool in a hospital room); she’s the impudent object of desire, who exercises her beauty in an old man’s gaze, and in the purchased self-torment of his wife-wearing wife. The movie’s real object of desire, however, is O’Toole, in the screen fleshes of golden glimmers of youthful radiance in the distant planes of his face, or, in those Advises, blue eyes framed by wayward shades of heat.

Women are flattered by some broad strokes of condescension. But O’Toole redeems the prettiness and the sentimentality with the consciousness of old pro giving a master class with no evidence of effort—an actor another rowboat his way, yet not ready to abandon his youth.

WE'RE STALKING... MARILYN MANSON

Calling his “dearest,” the rocker’s sharpie, Deja Vu Tissue, has been trying to file for divorce, if only she could find Manson. They’ve been snarling after only a year, but Vice News has completed of Manson’s bootleg and Olympia-quality remoteness. “She tried to tell him she was divorcing him,” a friend tells a newscaster, “but she can’t even get him on the phone. She moved out of the house and he hasn’t even noticed.”

CLIVE OWEN in *Children of Men*. The childless future P.D. James was writing about is foisted on us daily amidst the lonely Japanese serials.

Don't blame me for 'Children of Men'

I mentioned P.D. James's thoughtful novel in my book. Then came the shriekingly bad film.

BY MARK STEYN

The year is half over, but Alfonso Cuarón's film *Children of Men* is in an almost unique category. They should teach it in film school as the cause of apathy.

Mr. Cuarón's previous films (including *A Little Princess* and one of the greatest Harry Potter) were perfectly fine, and certainly did little to dissuade us approach the same story in entirely different ways, but, with *Children of Men*, he's managed to spend a ton of time and money, hire a fine cast, lavish enormous care and attention to detail on the film design and cinematography—and yet completely miss the point of the book. More revealingly, the way in which he misses the point portends a different future for Hollywood in the years ahead.

The ungodly novel by P.D. James, English literature's reigning grande dame of the postmodern period, was published in 1992 and depicts the near future—2021—is a world that is impotent, literally: the human race can no longer breed. The last children, the "Danes," generation born in 1995, are now adults; households are abandoned and villages are dying as an ever-rare elderly community prefers the security of monastic clusters or cities. As the narrator writes:

"The children's playgrounds in our parks have been dismantled. For the first 12 years after *Genes* the strings were looped up and secured, the slides and climbing frames left suspended. Now they have finally gone and the asphalt playgrounds have been grassed over with flowers like madman's grass. The tops have been bent, except for the fallen which have become for some kids developed into a substitute for children. The chil-

dren both there have systematically removed from our histories. Only its tapes and records do we now hear the voices of children, only do we now see their faces on television programmes as we see the bright morning images of the young."

I read it the year in 1992, enjoyed it, and thought about its eerie vision from time to time. The best dystopian novels hinge not on some technological malfunction but on specific situations. P.D. James conjures up one such situation: *Children* is a post-apocalyptic thriller dealing with why society would turn to a world with no future, whether one regards global infertility as evidence of God's anger or that He has indeed died (or for a third group) that this is a kind of divine Rapture, we're all

penitent in ante-crisis. The work (frightfully) sponsors government power more pronouncing ever more repressive forms of civic activity in an effort to restrain sexual desire just in case man's seed should encounter its potency. It's not working. "Women complain (strangely) of what they describe as painful orgasms, the spasm subsides but not the pleasure. Pages are devoted to this common phenomenon in the women's magazines." In such a world, would "darker" wives be an option? As far as "Joan Chasten," that would be less likely to pass their lips—because in a world with no future, whether one regards global infertility as evidence of God's anger or that He has indeed died (or for a third group) that this is a kind of divine Rapture, we're all

penitent in ante-crisis. We are the ones who

choose—they play them on tape. You can't see chitterlings in churches—for newborn babies.

Kathy Bates' dissatisfaction is a salutary one: Mr. Cuarón's *The Warden of England* would win any election in London—he knew an aging psychiatrist wants "sacrifice, comfort, pleasure," not unrestrained libertines. Mr. Cuarón's dystopia is a dreary, conversational brand of police state and in "Household Security" (gold!) approves. Free games are implemented in the usual way. Michael Caine plays a stern character called Jasper, who once protected Bush and the Iraq war and restrictions on illegal immigration. He has a John Lennox friggin' wig, he smokes double-duty and looks to be 60-year-old beemer rock. This will save the planet?

In the novel, the die-hard notion of 1990 self-sabotaging transposing to serendipity is certainly not the solution, and in reality was a big part of the problem. P.D. James's short book is a meditation on loss of purpose in society—the symptoms are already well advanced in real-life Europe—cause mass emigration, collapsed birth rates, wild amounts rehousing empty villages on the east German plain. Cuarón can't even grasp the question, offering by way of obfuscation only lip-service, package near Eastern spirituality and other cultural cool.

The film looks like a fire—which is to say that, apart from Michael Caine, everyone in it is young, young imaginative leaders of young gangs possessed by young rope and young colours. But that's exactly what the novel has in store: supply goods credible to trade between the employers of the state and those too malleable to remember the rural districts. Entirely serendipitously, the misadventure of Cuarón's movie makes James's point: a society without youth is so alien to our assumptions about ourselves that we can't even make a film about it. Which suggests that Hollywood itself—at least in its present incarnation—will be one of the casualties of the coming age.

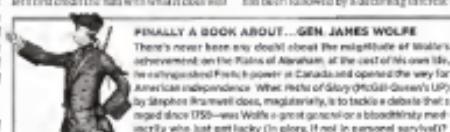
MACLEAN'S BESTSELLERS

COMPILED BY BRIAN BURFORD

	Fiction	Non-fiction
1. <i>SUITE FRANCAISE</i> by Irene Nemirovsky	9,000	
2. <i>THE VIEW FROM CASTLE ROCK</i> by Alice Munro	8,900	
3. <i>SECRETS FROM THE WOLF CAVE</i> by Stuart McLean	1,919	
4. <i>SHAKEDOWN</i> by Kieron Dyer	1,919	
5. <i>INTIMACY</i> by William Boyd	1,621	
6. <i>THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIDGE</i> by Mary Lawson	1,031	
7. <i>THE GUARDIAN OF PARADISE</i> by Wayne Johnston	7,011	
8. <i>THE LAW OF DREAMS</i> by Peter Barnes	8,761	
9. <i>YARDL</i> by Guy Gavriel Kay	1,021	
10. <i>THE LAP OF THE LAND</i> by Richard Ford	10,600	

Non-fiction

1. <i>THE SOG DELUSION</i> by Richard Dawkins	3,000	
2. <i>NUISANCE IN CHINA</i> by Margaret MacMillan	2,042	
3. <i>SHABBY & ME</i> by John Douglas	1,919	
4. <i>THE ARCHITECTURE OF HAPPINESS</i> by Alan De Nettliss	3,023	
5. <i>THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE THINGMENOLYK BOG</i> by Bill Bryson	5,215	
6. <i>POWER OF ART</i> by Peter Schreyer	8,021	
7. <i>THROUGH THE CHILDREN'S GATE</i> by Adam Gopnik	4,021	
8. <i>CONRAD & LADY BLACK</i> by Tom Bower	7,183	
9. <i>RIGHT SIDE UP</i> by Paul Webb	10,111	
10. <i>THE UPSIDE OF DOWN</i> by Thelma Harper Zivin	3,075	



FINALLY A BOOK ABOUT...—GEN. JAMES WOLFE

There's never been any doubt about the magnificence of Masters' achievement on *The Rules of Attraction*, at the cost of his own life, he extrapolated French power in Canada and opened the way for American independence. What *Rules* of Glory (McGill-Queen's U.P.) by Stephen Travers does, magnificently, is to tackle a debt to it's legend since 1759—was Wolfe a great general or a bloodthirsty mercenary who just got lucky? Or, if not, is someone survived?



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PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY LINDEN

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HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN Carlton (middle) getting Best Director when Scorsese never got it, and legends like Hitchcock aren't on the list?

Why they should kill Best Director

Hey Oscar, how can someone be the best director if they didn't make the best movie?

BY ANDREW WEINSTEIN | The Academy Award nominations haven't been announced, but people are asking the usual questions: Is Martin Scorsese's year at last? Will the Best Director award be a bad joke? But a category that doesn't get as much publicity as the acting awards, Best Director is the most enigmatic—and the most incomprehensible.

However, who is likely to receive a nomination for his movie film *The Departed* is a long list of legendary U.S. directors who haven't been honored by the academy. Robert Altman, who died in December, never won any thing besides a honorary lifetime achievement Oscar. Neither did Stanley Kubrick, Orson Welles, Alfred Hitchcock or Howard Hawks. If you make a list of the great directors of American film, you're likely to find that the list of those who never won is more impressive than the roster of winners.

Meanwhile, some of the annual chapters have been as bad as they make *Martin Scorsese's* year seem. Oscar (aka) in 1991, a bunch of legitimate directors—including Scorsese, for *Crooklyn*—were beaten by Kevin Costner, for his self-directed wacky project *Dances With Wolves*. Dennis Hopper, co-author of the book *Inside Oscar*, says that Academy members tend to vote for whatever is trendy. This leads to victories that seem inexplicable now—like *Citizen Kane*, *Scarface*, or *James Cameron* for getting bad performances out of good actors in *Titanic*. "Nobody in the industry thought a oddball film like *Kane* could ever win Best Director over Scorsese," Hopper says. "It's only when you look back that the choice seems really strange," Hopper says.

Another factor influencing the Best Director selections is that since Robert Redford was for *Goldfinger* 40 years ago, many

money. Which means, incongruously, that the bigger award on Oscar night often goes to half a dozen people you've never heard of, but not to the crowd of the film. Not only does the Best Director award make the Academy Awards a joke, representing it from Best Picture has made them an embarrassment.

The sponsor has one advantage: it allows voters to honor a director's artistry even if they can't bring themselves to vote for his film. Bona conjectures that to the first few days, when there were separate awards for Best Picture and Best Artistic Achievement. "It's almost out of the Academy, these days, is giving Best Picture credit as the best overall production, and giving Best Director to what they see as the most artistically satisfying." That could explain the choice when the Picture and Director awards give gold statuettes. Last year, Best Picture went to Paul Haggis's ultra preachy *Crossroads*, but Best Director went to Ang Lee for the tiny *Brokeback Mountain*. Best Director is becoming a consolation prize for the movie that voters really think is the best.

One thing will never change, though, even if Scorsese was that year: everyone will have a favorite director who never won. Best's own choice is Blake Edwards (*The Pink Panther*), who has never even been nominated. But he adds that even the most的艺术品 still get it right sometimes. "My favorite director of all time is John Ford, and he won four times, I can't complain!" ■

PERFORMANCE OF THE WEEK: FRUIT FLIES

For a production of *As You Like It*, Berlin's Greek tragedy *The Alceus*, a science student at Brown University was assigned to breed the cast 30,000 fruit flies, intended by Sartre to represent Orestes' guilt over murdering his mother and her lover. The flies were encouraged to prove their phallic nothing off stage. After the show's run the albino male last year collected in a lettuce bin and cleaned his ass. Orestes would have understood.



"YOU GOT TO pick up more of the windshield! Then pointight one inside a car," says one golf cart owner. "Plus, people talk more."

These aren't your daddy's golf carts

The pimped-up cart is a phenomenon that's sweeping the States—very, very slowly

MARTIN PATRICKSON • Colonial Beach, Va. You see on a crab dive porpoising out onto the Potomac River, all baccus and beachwear and unscrupulous pliers. In pace and location—just over an hour's drive south from Washington—make it a perfect place for aging baby boomers to flock, and they have in the last two years, sold-out houses have gone up in the community of about 4,000 souls.

No coincidence, Colonial Beach is at the forefront of a curious phenomenon sweeping across the States very slowly, usually with a sell-off license plate: the faux-convienient mode of transportation is something usually seen puttering around the fairways—even though there's no golf course anywhere near the town itself. Instead, golf carts are used for everything from picking up groceries to driving the grandkids to school. There are three annual golf cart parades, a golf cart rodeo, and a golf cart scavenger hunt. They have taken over the fire or to make of life past the town. Colonial Beach, which used to be known for its whiz-bang and most-lit clubs, is officially one of the few "Golf Cart Towns" in America. "I go 10 to 12 miles a day," says Colonial Beach Mayor George "Fitz" Flora, 57. "You get to pick up more of the environment than you might see and see it inside a car. Plus, people talk more."

These aren't your daddy's golf carts. These carts are equipped to the theme, comes with a renewable roof, stereo, heater and "perfume"—magnets that turn on their own, sets in nearly every hip hop video made in the last three years. He figures his cart is worth about \$30,000.

Its origins are unclear, but the golf-cart-as-jewel-grade phenomenon likely started in Florida and Georgia in the last few years, in

those many communities centred on a golf course. It made perfect sense to put a cart and then the course in a cart. And if it was good enough for the golf course, why not to the street? And at the same time, well, why not to the beach? That was one problem, though: so was (legal) under-golf-say laws. Colonial Beach, where the nearest golf course is 20 hilly-draining kilometers away, changed this. In 2001, the community successfully petitioned the state of Virginia to allow golf carts on town roads. Cars must be equipped with lap belts, headlamps and turn signals, and other safety equipment, and can't travel faster than 45 km/h. They must also yield to regular traffic. With roughly 400 carts on the town roads, there have been no accidents or speeding tickets in five years, Flora says, knocking loudly on wood.

But why golf carts? And why now? "Baby boomers have all the external goods," says Flora. "They're not afraid of anything." They don't need. As such, they pose a unique problem for lottery good providers: there is essentially nothing left for boomers to buy. Their closer, less-expensive alternatives are full, and after the third mark the thrill is gone. They are "looking now for 'experience' luxury goods." The golf cart is fairly new, and it's very expensive. The cart's most

"embarrassing Armpit Odor?"

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WHAT THEY GOT FOR IT PREHISTORIC TABLE

A dining table made from wood dating from the Stone Age is to be sold in London. The Italian-made table's wood is from a Kauri tree (like the one pictured) reclaimed from a salt marsh in New Zealand, where it had been encrusted in oxygen-poor mud that prevented it from decaying. Carbon-dating determined the wood to be about 30,000 years old. Capable of seating 12 people, the table is on sale at \$150,000 for \$16,000.

Photo: AP/Wide World

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taste



ROBINSON WAS SO impressed with Canadian wines she's devoting an entire column to them in a British newspaper this week.

Just in: The top 10 Canadian wines

Renowned authority Jancis Robinson tasted 60 of the country's best. Here are her picks.

BY JULIA HEDGES • From Portcullis in Niagara, it doesn't get any better in the wine world than to receive the stamp of approval of British wine authority Jancis Robinson. The Washington Post called Robinson's Oxford Companion to Wine "the greatest wine book ever published." Robinson's fine assessment with Canadian wines, "sobered whites" from Ontario, was a tasting in London in 1996. "Everyone was said, 'they were not very inspiring.' Recently, however, Robinson took part in a tasting of 60 of Canada's most outstanding wines from B.C., Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia. Toronto sommelier Julian Hobson selected the 60 wines with help in procuring them from Janet Denysenko, wine promotion coordinator for International Trade Canada. Robinson was so impressed and so delighted by what she saw, 43 vintages in British "Reserve" status to the vintages of Canadian wines. In a sneak preview, she agreed to share her top 10 with Maclean's. Detailed tasting notes of these and other wines are available as of Jan. 31 at www.jancisrobinson.com.

32. Vin de Glace Vidal, 2004, an ice wine from Vignoble de l'Orphelinat in Dufferin, Que. Robinson tasted the sold-out 2003 vintage of Vin de Glace made from 100 per cent Vidal grapes, characterized by candied fruit flavours of apricot, mango and honey. The wine is priced at \$38 a bottle. The 2005 is available.

3. Riesling Jardine, 2004, from Henry of Pelham Family Estate Winery in St. Catharines, Ont. "Stunning," said Hobson. "Rich and viscous and luscious." The 2004 is widely available, priced at \$14.95 a bottle.

3. Le Grand Vin, 2004, a red Bordeaux blend from French winemaker Pascal Mado-

von of Osprey's Lure, a 25 hectare site just east of Lake Okanagan, B.C. "The wine is very well focused," said Hobson. "When you're gasping for air, you taste good wine." The blend is primarily Merlot. The 2004 will be available, priced at \$40 a bottle.

3. Guardian Oak Cabernet Franc, 2002, from Laird Vineyard, a vineyard between "Rocky Run" at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont. Assistant winemaker Colin Ferguson recalls that 2003 was "a nice, long, hot summer," adding that "our Cab Francs go to different notes," with distinctive tones of green pepper and tobacco. Laird is the first vineyard in Niagara to age some of its Canadian oak barrels. The 2002 is sold out, but the 2003 is available, said by the vineyard. The 2004 will be available in the spring, priced at \$34.95 a bottle.

5. Riesling, 2005, from Vintners' Voyageur near Schreiber, B.C. The 2005, priced at \$19.95 a bottle, is a riesling sold out of the cellar but available in select B.C. restaurants and at Jancis Robinson Wine Bar in Toronto. The may come from Old Vines Riesling, 2005, being released this month, priced at \$26.95 a bottle.

5. Le Gloc Jardine Vineyard Pinot Noir, 2004, from Le Gloc Jardine, Jordan, Ont. "The grapes are picked from a single varietal." The 2004 is available in March 2006, priced at \$15 a bottle.

4. Octavian, 2004, a red Bordeaux blend

from the Mission Hill Family Estate in the Okanagan Valley, B.C. "A nicely wine with aging potential," said Hobson. The wine, not yet priced, will be released in September.

3. Mystic River Vineyards Gewürztraminer, 2005, from Wild Goose Vineyards, a family-run winery near Okanagan Falls, B.C. "Nice long body, soft tannins and lingering finish," said Hobson. The 2005 is sold out, but the 2006 can be bought for \$24.94 a bottle in April.

3. White Meritage, 2003, from Sunridge Ridge Estate Winery, Saanichton, B.C. The 2003 is a Sunridge Blend/Sémillon blend. From the year of the Sunshine Coast, it had sold out of 2003 but found a welcome respite. The 2002 is sold out, but the 2004 is available and priced at \$11.95 a bottle.

1. Syrah, 2002, from David Leto Estate Winery, Rosedale, Ont. Robinson raves about this wine's "wonderful purity of fruit, spiciness and density of fruit without any sense of alcohol." It also seemed to be a very pure expression of Syrah character and had a lovely texture without resorting to overextraction, high alcohol or excessive oak influence." The 2002 is sold out. The 2004 is available in February 2007 from the vine yard, priced at \$64.95 a bottle.

5. Le Gloc Jardine Vineyard Pinot Noir, 2004, from Le Gloc Jardine, Jordan, Ont. "The grapes are picked from a single varietal." The 2004 is available in March 2006, priced at \$15 a bottle.

TODAY'S SPECIAL: BARREL-AGED BEER

When I last enjoyed this Belgian-style ale, he dumped the extra amount in two old Jim Beam bourbon cans. When he tried it a few days later, he found a totally new and highly pleasurable flavour. I learned as a bartender learned long ago, the brew is one of a growing category of beer aged in traditional barrels, unlike modern, mass-produced tanks that spend time in steel vats.

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JANVY DRUPPER: This standing stained-glass window panel from Louis Comfort Tiffany's dining room is a must-see at the Met.

EXHIBIT

A LIFE OF LUXURY

New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art is showcasing the surviving architectural elements of Louis Comfort Tiffany's country estate as well as some of his eclectic personal collection, ranging from antique Indian cloths to Japanese fans and West Coast native brockles. The show highlights the influential designer's quintessential stained glass pieces— magnificently lacy window panels from his dining room as well as panels of clear glass roses with pristine cream magnolia flowers with branches picked out in lead. All that's missing is the little blue box. Patricia Dralke

GADGET

PUMP UP THE VOLUME

The only thing worse than having to waste time in airports or doctors' waiting rooms is suffering through other people's annoying uses of TV. Helpfully, there's a remote control small enough to hide in your pocket that can turn off, mute, or adjust the volume on any blaring television. That "tiny universal TV remote," with its menu like TiVo or TV Guide, we're big fans and available online. Now if only they'd invent one that controls other people's televisions. Louis Ch. Serger

TV

JACK'S BACK

Remarkably fit after 12 months of torture in a Chinese prison, Jack Bauer is covered with scars but still willing to serve his country.



try as action on as far as we on Jan. 16 (Global). After last year's poor game bid, the show's again employing every Arabic speaking actor in Hollywood for its 13 summer roles. The previous character this time will be Hassan al-Assad (Syrian's Alexander Siddig)—only Jordanian figureheads have had a more convincing fight for justice. He's so unopposite, he'll lose defined Grey's Anatomy fans wondering what happened to their beloved McDreamy. *Susanna Snyder*

FILM

WHAT HAPPENED TO MCREAMY?

Although Freedon Bresser will be familiar role of the dismayed teacher (Oscar winner Hilary Swank) who gives her racially diverse inner-city class a lesson in tolerance, Patrick Dempsey, as the famed hunk, isn't in it. His character ages for a gulf-free life rather than back his wife's sudden death from a pulmonary embolism at 33 and their short life together through the movie he lived and shared on continually retooled mini tapes. Their chapter begins with a flashback from one of those tapes—for example, they had one for washing the dishes, filled with songs from *Casey Kasem's Top 40*, and another for falling asleep—which provides a soundtrack to their bittersweetly capricious love story.



DVD

IT'S WORTH A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE

By day, the studio boy Mike Judge's futuristic comedy *Arrested Development* has built up for a year and then releasing it in only a few months? Maybe it was Judge's bitter view of where our society is headed. Luke Wilson wakes up in a world where everyone's thinner and the biggest TV show is *Dot My Balls*? But what made us so conceited, anxious—and fine-tolerant?—are very far

in the D.V. *Arrested*.

While Shefield writes openly about pain ("I would have to return home to listen to noise, and the sound of the music we'd loved together I'll never be able to hear again"), *Last of a Lifetime* is mostly quiet and as beauifully written as Joann Fletcher's 2005 memoir *Never Say Goodbye*. The Year of Meg's Thinking. That said, few lookouts like Shefield's effort concerning as that Dadon wrote when she was at 70, an age when someone is more likely to pass away, whereas he seems from a space less kind—Gen Xer elsewhere Nevada. *Jules Lester*



WILLIAM EDWARD KENNEY

1943-2007

A go-karter turned bike fiend turned sidecar racer, he could transform a piece of metal into art

William Edward Kenney was born on April 16, 1943. He and his younger brother Bob, who was born two years later, were raised in Chicago by their father Edward, a machinist at a printing company, and their mother Hazel, who worked as a seamstress. From early on it was obvious that Willy—short for his close friends called him—had his father's need for speed.

In his teens, Willy speed-skated during the winter and mountain-bikeed and hopped in the warmer months. When he was 14, he bought his first motorcycle, a Cushman, with money that he earned delivering the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Sun-Times*. To make some he became heavily involved in go-karting. "He and our dad would build the racers," says Bob. "From a young age Willy always had dirty hands—just regular mechanic hands permanently blackened by the grease." Willy quickly graduated into drag racing. He and his dad regularly took their fast-engine Chevys—which could reach 200 mph on a quarter-mile track—to the drag strip. Willy was never a team sports guy. "He had to be the winner and wanted to do it himself," says Bob.

When he was about 20, Willy enlisted in the navy, but was then in the air force while driving his '57 Chevy convertible through his 'ough-Chicago neighborhood. His thumb cracked, and he received an honorable discharge.

He married in his early 20s. He and his wife, Mary, had one daughter, Marlene. Drag racing was too expensive for a young family man, so he filled his free time building street rods—including a '60 Mercury and a '12 Coupe. Willy's first love, however, was sidecars. Back then, he drove an old IBM 803 series, like year-round. "It was in Chicago winters," says Bob. "A little crazy, but he never had any problems in the snow."

After divorcing Marlene when he was in his 30s, Willy drove a Sara Lee truck for a little while, but hated the monotony of the same daily route. He preferred working with his hands, and decided to focus on a career as a machinist. And, except for a short stint in Portland, Ore., where he worked as a forklift mechanic, Willy was all-around Chicago-oriented. For the last 15 years, he was a supervisor for TEC Material Handling in the Chicago area.



In 1998, he met Frances White through a matchmaking service. "When he called the first time, he described himself as short, fat and bald," laughs Frans. "He was pretty accurate—but he had the biggest smile." After dating for just three months, they married. The couple became garage-sale and flea-market regulars. Willy collected antique pop bottles and pipes. "He always had a pipe in his mouth," says Frans. He had diabetes, but medication and a strict diet kept his A1C off his toes, even though Frans helped him quit smoking in the 1970s. Willy developed a passion for sidecar racing—the two-person sport where the passenger in a motorcycle's sidecar shifts his weight to help the driver maintain control while taking high-speed corners. He picked up again in the '90s, and Frans has participated along. They travel several weekends a year—often to Canada—for races.

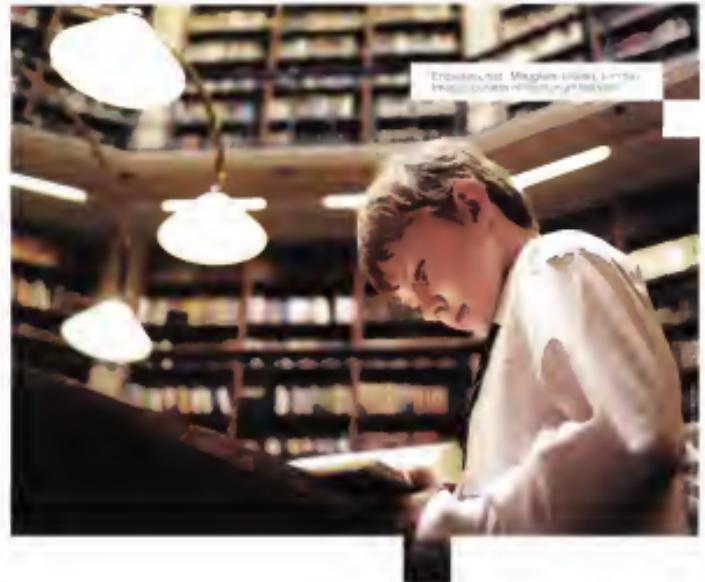
He was a top racer, but Willy was best known for being one of the few enthusiasts who built his own sidecars. "They were like slow bikes," says Gary Green from Barrie, Ont., who was Willy's racing partner for five of the last seven years. "People would suspect he took them out on the track." Willy spent hours in his garage—often under the watchful eye of his bosses, Max and Ed—polishing his machines race-ready. "Willy would buy them in cheap shape and fix 'em up," says Frans. "They didn't run number one alone, but by the time he got done with them they looked pristine and just purrred. He could take a piece of metal and work it into a piece of art."

Last fall, he bought a Honda CRF250X (engaged: 150 mph) from a teen in England, and planned to move up the season from vintage to the much faster F2 class.

"He had a slower class once but was bored," says Bob. "Like a NASCAR driver, he needed speed."

On Jan. 2, Willy came home early from work. It was a beautiful day, so the 63-year-old decided to take his new bike out for a spin in his quiet Chicago neighborhood of Northbrook Park. Willy, using a sidecar for safety, didn't put a helmet on—probably, says Bob, because he was planning a short, slow ride. But just around the corner from his house, he lost control, jumped a curb and smashed into a light pole. Only the front wheel was damaged on the bike, but Willy died in the crash.

BY JOHN D'ONOFRIO



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